

SPIRIT

OF THE

ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

NO. 12.]

BOSTON, SEPT. 15, 1824.

[VOL. I. N.S.]

ORIGINAL POETRY.

(Blackwood's Edin. Magazine.)

TEN YEARS AGO.

That time is past,
And all its aching joys are now no more,
And all its dizzy raptures ! Not for this
Faint I, nor mourn, nor murmur. Other gifts
Have followed for such loss, I would believe,
Abundant recompense.

Wordsworth.

I.

Ten years ago, ten years ago,
Life was to us a fairy scene ;
And the keen blasts of worldly woe
Had sered not then its pathway green.
Youth and its thousand dreams were ours,
Feelings we ne'er can know again ;
Unwither'd hopes, unwasted powers,
And frames unworn by mortal pain.
Such was the bright and genial flow
Of life with us—ten years ago !

II.

Time has not blanch'd a single hair
That clusters round thy forehead now :
Nor hath the cankering touch of care
Left even one furrow on thy brow.
Thine eyes are blue as when we met,
In love's deep truth, in earlier years ;
Thy cheek of rose is blooming yet,
Though sometimes stain'd by secret tears ;
But where, oh where's the *spirit's* glow,)
That shone through all—ten years ago ?

III.

I too am changed—I scarce know why—
Can feel each flagging pulse decay ;
And youth and health, and visions high,
Melt like a wreath of snow away ;
Time cannot sure have wrought the ill ;
Though worn in this world's sick'ning strife,
In soul and form, I linger still
In the first summer month of life ;
Yet journey on my path below,
Oh ! how unlike—ten years ago !

IV.

But look not thus—I would not give
The wreck of hopes that thou must share,
To bid those joyous hours revive
When all around me seem'd so fair.
We've wander'd on in sunny weather,

When winds were low, and flowers in bloom,
And hand in hand have kept together,
And still will keep, 'mid storm and gloom ;
Endear'd by ties we could not know
When life was young—ten years ago !

V.

Has Fortune frown'd ? Her frowns were vain,
For hearts like ours she could not chill ;
Have friends proved false ? Their love might wane,
But ours grew fonder, firmer still.
Twin barks on this world's changing wave,
Stedfast in calms, in tempests tried ;
In concert still our fate we'll brave,
Together cleave life's fitful tide ;
Nor mourn, whatever winds may blow,
Youth's first wild dreams—ten years ago !

VI.

Have we not knelt beside his bed,
And watch'd our first-born blossom die ?
Hoped, till the shade of hope had fled,
Then wept till feeling's fount was dry ?
Was it not sweet, in that dark hour,
To think, 'mid mutual tears and sighs,
Our bud had left its earthly bower,
And burst to bloom in Paradise ?
What to the thought that sooth'd that woe
Were heartless joys—ten years ago !

VII.

Yes, it is sweet, when heaven is bright,
To share its sunny beams with thee ;
But sweeter far, 'mid clouds and blight,
To have thee near to weep with me.
Then dry those tears,—though something changed
From what we were in earlier youth,
Time, that hath hopes and friends estranged,
Hath left us love in all its truth ;
Sweet feelings we would not forego
For life's best joys—ten years ago.

February 3, 1824.

A. A. W

(Mon. Mag.)

THE NIGHT BEFORE THE BRIDAL.

"**T**HE Night before the Bridal, a Spanish Tale, and other Poems," rises far above the common class of poetical productions with which the press is teeming. The versification, if not remarkable for its elegance, is never tame and insipid, and the story is well imagined. A young Sevillian lady is doomed from her infancy to become the resident of a cloister; she even takes the vows,—but still remains in her father's house until he departs for the wars. In the mean time, Helena (the name of the heroine,) becomes acquainted with a young cavalier of the name of Leontio; they become lovers although there is no lawful hope for either: the consequence of this is, that Helena yields herself to Leontio's guilty passion the very night before he sets off in company with her father: she is immediately immersed in her convent. Don Miguel, her father, falls in battle. Leontio returns,—falls in love with a young rich heiress, of the name of Inez,—woos her, and is accepted. Helena hears of this, and, maddened at the news, sends a letter to her seducer, entreating him to meet her, the night before the bridal, in the deserted house of her deceased parent. He comes, and sees her in all her charms, seated in a magnificent apartment: his heart at first seems to soften, but it soon regains its wonted tone:—

How could he chide her kneeling there,—so full
Of grief, and shame, and unabated love;
With her white arms, so long and beautiful,
Wound closely round him? How could he reprove
That fondness which, if it, alas! had grown
To crime, had sinn'd for him, and him alone?
Yet he did chide her, and ignobly strove
To cast all guilt from his unmanly soul,
And heap on her the infamy of the whole.
He has not deem'd she own'd a heart so frail,
He thought her shielded by a vestal's veil;
What was his crime? Love in her bosom burn'd,
And mutual passion he for hers return'd.
'Twas idle now against the past to rail,
'Twas but a youthful error, and no more;
Hush'd in their hearts, 'twould pass all silent o'er;
The world would hear nought of it,—why then waste
One precious hour in grieving o'er the past?
He swore to her,—cold sensualist! how he swore,—

That she was lovely, aye, and lov'd as ever,
And spread his arms to fold again her form
To his false heart, and riot in each charm;
But she sprung from his grasp, and answer'd "Never!
O never,—so heaven witness me!—shalt thou
Thy perjur'd arms, thou base one, round me throw."
She stood,—oh! how shall I describe her!—how
Pourtray her bearing, as she towering stood,
With eye of lightning, brow to which the blood
Rush'd vengeful red,—high breast and swelling vein,
Lip mute with its unutterable disdain.

* * * * *
He shrunk beneath the vengeance of her eye,
There was nought earthly like to it. A cry,—
A craven cry,—escap'd him: he had met
His foe undaunted,—so would meet him yet;
Had fac'd the battle in its darkest lower,
Defied, and even woo'd, the frown of fate;
But he had never brav'd a woman's hate;
And that subdu'd him. Never till that hour
Had he felt fear come o'er him: he had need,
For she had nerv'd her sinews for a deed,—
How shall I write it! forth from her dark vest
Flash'd the bright steel,—'twas rais'd,—'twas aim'd,
—it fell.

Merciful God! ah no, not on his breast,
But to the earth. Her heart was woman's still,—
The thought was murd'rous, but she could not kill.
The conflict past, she fell,—her dark hair wreath'd
Around her form,—nor mov'd, nor look'd, nor
breath'd.

* * * * *
Inez, on her bridal morn, anxiously
awaits the coming of Leontio; but he
does not appear. At last she is inform-
ed by a menial that his body, covered
with wounds, had been found near the
towers of Alcazar: she instantly falls
lifeless. Seville is in an uproar on ac-
count of this murder: Leontio had been
seen the preceding night to enter the
gate of Don Miguel: thither rush the
crowds,—they seek Helena:—

And there she sat! the dying lamp gleam'd faint
Upon her figure; language cannot paint
Her marble look,—her desolate despair;
Nor their transfix'd amaze to find her there,
Like tenant of the tomb; she whom they had
thought
To have found there with guilt and shame o'er-
wrought.

They trac'd no sign of fear,—but guilt, deep guilt,
Glared all around her: at her feet there lay
That gleaming poniard, jewell'd at the hilt,
But bloodless; that avail'd not,—there it lay:
Was it fit instrument for maiden's hand?
Upon the board that silver cup did stand,
As he had drain'd it: wine and viands rare
In house of mourning spread,—what did they there?

She is siezed, and brought to trial,—
where she vehemently asserts that she
is intirely innocent of the deed: her
protestations, however, avail her not,—
she is condemned and executed. Many
years pass away, till one night the priest
who attended her in her last moments,
is called to visit the couch of a dying
man, and to hear his confession :—

He lay in slumber, if such could be call'd
A frightful sleep that every eye appall'd;
His blue lips mov'd, his glassy eye-balls roll'd
And his hand grappled with the curtains' fold.

He confesses himself to be a noble of
the first rank, who had aspired to the
hand of Inez, but, being supplanted by
Leontio, he in revenge caused him to
be murdered.

I 'scaped the vengeance of the laws,—one fell
Of my foul crime the victim innocent.

But that guilt clung to me where'er I went,
Making my soul its own fierce burning hell.
Is there no hope for me? O father, say.

The priest had turn'd in sickening ear away,
And o'er his brow his shrouding garb had flung,
Still on his ear the dark confession rung;
He thought on that yet well remember'd day,
And on the parting words of Helena;
How to the last she had asserted clear
Her innocence. He turn'd him,—what lay there?
The murderer's corse stretch'd on its gorgeous bier.
Loud roll'd the storm; one broad sulphureous flame
Flash'd through the chamber, and then redly came
Full on that couch. The features of the dead
Glared in the light one moment,—then were spread
O'er them those pale and livid hues that come
Faintly to show the secrets of the tomb.

Thus ends the poem: the specimens
which we have given of it speak for
themselves; they require no panegy-
rist, and cannot fail to recommend the
entire work to universal favour.

THE OWL.

BY BERNARD BARTON, THE QUAKER POET.

(Eclectic Review, July.)

BIRD of the solemn midnight hour!
Thy Poet's emblem be;
If arms might be the Muse's dower,
His crest were found in thee:
Though flippant wits thy dulness blame,
And Superstition fondly frame
Fresh omens for thy song:—
With me thou art a favourite bird,
Of habits, hours, and haunts preferr'd
To day's more noisy throng.

Are not thy habits grave and sage,
Thyself beseeeming well,
Like hermit's in his hermitage,
Or nun's in convent cell?
Secluded as an anchorite,
Thou spend'st the hours of garish light
In silence and alone:
'Twere well if nuns and hermits spent
Their days in dreams as innocent,
As thine, my bird, have flown.

Are not the hours to thee most dear,
Those which my bosom thrill?
Evening—whose charms my spirits cheer,
And Night, more glorious still.
I love to see thee slowly glide
Along the dark wood's leafy side,
On undulating wing,
So noiseless in thy dream-like flight,
Thou seem'st more like a phantom sprite,
Than like a living thing.

I love to hear thy hooting cry,
At midnight's solemn hour,
On gusty breezes sweeping by,
And feel its utmost power:
From Nature's depths it seems to come,
When other oracles are dumb;
And eloquent its sound,
Asserting Night's majestic sway,
And bearing Fancy far away
To solitudes profound;

To wild, secluded haunts of thine,
Which hoary eld reveres;
To ivied turret, mould'ring shrine,
Gray with the lapse of years;
To hollow trees by lightning scath'd;
To cavern'd rocks, whose roots are bath'd
By some sequester'd stream;
To tangled wood, and briery brake,
Where only Echo seems awake
To answer to thy scream.

While habits, hours, and haunts so lone
And lofty, blend with thee,
Well may'st thou, bird of night! be prone
To touch thought's nobler key;
To waken feelings undefin'd,
And bring home to the Poet's mind,
Who frames his Vigil-Lay,
Visions of higher musings born,
And fancies brighter than adorn
His own ephemer'al day.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

(Lond. Lit. Gaz.)

SIX MONTHS IN MEXICO.

BY WM. BULLOCK.

WE continue our extracts from this interesting volume without further preface. On the road between Vera Cruz and Mexico,—

“Xalapa, or Jalapa, from which the well-known drug takes its name, was till within the last century the great mart of New Spain for European goods. All merchandise arriving at Vera Cruz (the unhealthiness of which prevented merchants from stopping there) was brought on mules to the great annual fair held in this city, and attended by all the mercantile interests of this part of the world. The opening of the grand mart took place amid much form and religious ceremony; prayers and processions were made by the clergy for the success of trade, but they expected some remuneration for this service—and the numerous churches and rich religious establishments amply attest the liberality of the merchants. The city at present contains 13,000 inhabitants; but at the time of the fair it was crowded to excess. It is probably decreasing in population, though still a very handsome place. It has many two storied houses, built after the old Spanish manner, forming a square, and enclosing a court planted with trees and flowers, and having a well or fountain. The roofs are tiled, and not flat as in Vera Cruz, yet projecting from the sides, sheltering the house from the sun in hot weather, and keeping it dry in the rainy season. Many are furnished with glass windows, and most have an ornamental grating in front of those on the ground floor, which admits a free circulation of air—for the climate is so delightful as seldom to require their being closed.—There are still eight churches of a mixed style of architecture; they are kept clean—and the interiors highly decorated with carving, gilding, and painting. The high altar of the Cathedral is of silver, and the walls are covered with gilt ornaments.—There are eleven other altars; and the service is performed in an orderly and impressive manner. I attended high mass on Sunday, which was very splendid; all the females above the very lowest class wear black, and are dressed alike, with a handsome lace veil over the head, but which is seldom worn over the face; in this respect retaining less of the manner of the mother country than is still to be found in Antwerp and in the Netherlands, although so long a period has elapsed since these countries were subject to Spain. A great proportion of the congregation were Indians, who had come to market, and it was really a pleasing sight to observe with what attention and devotion this simple and innocent people, the descendants of cannibal ancestors, performed their acknowledgements to their Creator. All the convents and religious

houses, except one, are now closed, and will probably remain so. We met yesterday, it being Lent, a religious procession, carrying a figure of Christ bearing his cross. The streets through which it passed had been swept, watered, and strewed with orange leaves and flowers; and many of the houses had small crosses, decorated with flowers and drapery, placed over the doors.

“The shops and warehouses do not make a showy appearance, as nothing is exposed in the windows. The barbers' shops, however, form an exception: they are very numerous, and have a very respectable exterior. Mambrino's helmet is sported as a sign over their doors. All articles of European manufacture are dear, being three or four hundred per cent. above the cost price, and generally of the worst kind. This is probably owing to the policy of Old Spain in compelling the provinces to receive all supplies from the mother country.

“Xalapa is justly celebrated for the excellency of its washing: I never saw linen look so well; many of the inhabitants of Vera Cruz send hither to have their washing done. Near one of the entrances is a fountain of the purest water supplying a public washhouse, called Techacupa, in which 144 persons can be employed at the same time. Each washerwoman is supplied with a constant stream, conveyed by pipes to a stone vessel in which the linen is soaked. Added to this is a flat stone on which they wash, and this constitutes the whole apparatus. The operation is performed with cold water and soap, and the linen is rubbed by the hand as in England. I observed that the women had a cut lemon with which they sometimes rubbed the clothes. . . .

“Both men and women in general are very ill-informed with respect to the state of Europe. They believe the continent to be under the dominion of Spain; that England, France, Italy, Holland, Germany, &c. are only so many paltry states or provinces to which the king of Spain appoints governors, who superintend the manufactories, &c. for the benefit of that country. I found it dangerous to contradict this flatly. One lady asked me where a muslin dress had been made? ‘in England;’ ‘and how came it here?’ ‘probably through Spain,’ I replied; ‘well then, what is England but the workshop of Spain?’ Many think that the riches of Spain enable the others, and as they call them, the poorer parts of Europe to live.

“Of the wars in Europe they know as little as of its general state; and even the name of Wellington seemed scarcely known in Xalapa, though they had heard indeed of the buccaneers, and spoke of our illus-

trious Drake, and Sir Walter Raleigh, as pirates. In this comfortable degree of ignorance, it is not strange that they viewed with surprise my walking-stick gun, my portable chair and table, my camera lucida, and other little specimens of English ingenuity. Nothing gave them more pleasure than a volume of the plates of Ackerman's Fashions, which I had carried out; it was in prodigious request, and they looked with astonishment at some prints of the public buildings of London. But their wonder was greatly augmented when they were informed of the purposes for which they were built: we heard them exclaim in amazement to each other, 'and yet these people are not Christians,' 'what a pity they are not Christians!' But the day, I hope, has arrived, when Spanish policy can no longer keep its American subjects in such darkness, and when the obscuration of the Mexicans will vanish. On the other hand, Europe has much to learn respecting America. Even the very names of some of the finest cities of the Mexicans are almost unknown to her; and therefore we ought to pause before we laugh at the ignorance of the American Spaniard. How very few of the inhabitants of Great Britain have heard of Puebla or Guatamala, yet they are superb, populous, and wealthy cities; and it is from New Spain that Europeans principally draw the coin which hourly passes through their hands, and so much contributes to the ease and elegance of life."

Speaking of the *Pulque*, the common and favourite beverage of the Mexicans, Mr. B. says,—

"A few miles before we reached Perote we had come to large plantations of the great American aloe (*Agava Americana*). It is grown in considerable quantities, and this was the first plantation of it which we had met with. From it is made the favourite liquor of the Mexicans called *Pulque*.—Intending to examine it more at leisure, we rose before the sun the next morning, and found it growing in the streets and round the town. It attains a size which surprises those who have only seen it in European hot-houses. We measured some of the leaves, and found them ten feet long, fifteen inches wide, and eight thick: many of them were just open; their flower-stalk twenty feet high, and expanding, like rich candelabras, their arms clustered with yellow flowers. . . .

The author adds at a later period respecting this plant that it is

— "called here the *Maguey*, and is of the greatest consequence to the Mexicans, and very largely cultivated from Perote to Toluca, and I believe much further. From it is made the refreshing and favourite beverage called *pulque*. It is in universal request among the inhabitants of the capital, Puebla, Toluca, &c. and such is

the consumption, that the three cities just mentioned are said by Baron Humboldt to have paid duties upon it to the amount of 312,739 dollars in the year 1793. Plantations of the agava are very extensive between Chollula and San Martin, the great road running for miles through them. They are set about five or six feet asunder, and in favourable situations come into bloom in about ten years, at which period the valuable liquor is to be procured. As soon as the owner perceives the plant preparing to throw up its long flower-stem, he cuts out the leaves which forms its centre, and hollows it out into the shape of a bowl, at the same time removing most of the other leaves, so that the whole sap destined for their supply flows to the great stem, and is received by the bowl-shaped cavity, into which it runs with such rapidity as to require to be emptied several times a day, for a space of two months. The liquor, when collected, is placed in jars or skins; it undergoes a slight fermentation, which takes place in a few days, and is immediately fit for drinking. Strangers prefer it fresh, but the natives seldom take it until it has acquired a strong taste, and a disagreeable fetid smell, denominated *fuerte*, when it is esteemed in high perfection.

"A strong spirit, called *pulque brandy*, is distilled from the liquor. The leaves form the roofs of some Indian houses, and fences, ropes, thread, cloth, and paper, are also made from it; some part of the plant is also used medicinally, and the root, prepared with sugar, is converted into *dulces* or sweetmeats."

Having reached the city of Puebla, Mr. B. states,—

"In the afternoon we ascended the high tower of the cathedral, and enjoyed the splendid view of Puebla and the neighbourhood. Several of the most distinguished volcanic and other mountains are in the vicinity, but from this view, Popocatepeti loses much of its grandeur. The pyramid of Chollula is only six miles off, and distinctly seen,—its base exceeds that of the great pyramid of Egypt; but the work of man, when standing in comparison with the surrounding pyramids of nature, whose tops are covered with eternal snows, dwindles into insignificance. The labour of ascending the tower is amply repaid by the view of this regular and beautiful city, the foundations of which were laid by the Spaniards in 1533. It now contains about 90,000 inhabitants, many of whom are wealthy, and live in good style. It is in the splendour of its churches, and other religious edifices, and in the richness of their endowments, that Puebla must take the first rank in the Christian world. In the profuse ornaments of the altars, the sacred vessels and vestments, the expensive carving and gilding of the interior of the churches—in the pompous religious processions and other ceremonies, it yields to no

city in America or Europe. The antiquarian will here feel a peculiar gratification ; —he will find himself removed to the period of our Henrys and Edwards, not only in the style of building of those times, but even in the similarity of customs and manners, the same religion and ceremonies, the same observance of holydays, with the religious processions that at once were the solace and amusement of our ancestors.—In the churches he will see (as if the work of yesterday) the same profusion of sculpture, painting, gilding, now only to be found in the fragments of our most ancient temples. The statues, balustrades, candlesticks, candelabras, &c. of massive gold and silver, which have long disappeared in England, are here in daily use, and the very dresses and accoutrements of the country gentlemen strongly remind us of the period of the discovery of America, the costumes having undergone very little alteration from their first introduction by the Spaniards : the same high fronted military saddle, with its defensive cantlets and covering for the horse, that was worn by Cortez, and the enormous spur of our Henry the Seventh, are now in constant use by the paysanas, or country gentlemen. - - -

“ The Cathedral, which forms one side of the great square, is a large pile of building, with little architectural ornament in its exterior, but its interior furniture, if I may so call it, is rich beyond description. So much is it covered with ornaments, that the whole of its fine effect is considerably diminished. The centre of the body, for example, is so overloaded as to obstruct the view of its length.

“ Towards the south is placed the high altar, a most superb temple, of exquisite workmanship, and in elegant taste, lately finished by an Italian artist, from Roman designs, but executed in Mexico, and of native materials. It is of such size as to occupy a considerable part of the cathedral, and to reach into the dome. Its fault is that it is too large, being disproportionate to the building in which it is placed, and also too modern to harmonise with the surrounding objects. The materials are the most beautiful marble and precious stones that can be found in New Spain : its numerous and lofty columns, with plinths and capitals of burnished gold, the magnificent altar of silver crowded with statues, &c. &c. have an unequalled effect. I have travelled over most of Europe, but I know nothing like it ; and only regret it does not belong to a building more worthy of it.

“ The side-altars are all crowded to excess with statues, carving, gilding, silver candelabras, balustrades, gold chandeliers, &c. Amongst the many paintings that are deposited in panels, set in superb frames, are several which appear to be of the first-rate quality of art, but all approach to them is so guarded by railings, and so little light is admitted, that they are lost in obscurity. It was Holy-week, and in the

evening I accompanied Mr. Furlong and his lady to the service of *tenæbræ*, and never witnessed such a splendid scene ; —certainly it surpassed in magnificence all I knew of the pomp of Courts. The whole cathedral, and all its costly appendages, and fretted golden roof, were displayed and illuminated by thousands of wax lights, reflected from gold and silver chandeliers of the finest workmanship ; an altar covered with massive plate, as fresh as from the hands of the artisan ; a host of officiating clergy, arrayed in the richest vestments ; —the waving of banners ; the solemn music, and a powerful and well conducted band ! that heart must have been cold indeed which could have remained inanimate amid such a scene : he who would wish to see the pomp of religious ceremony should visit Puebla.”

There is also another remarkable establishment,

“ A place of religious retreat, called a house of spiritual retirement, in which persons of either sex, desirous of leaving the bustle and confusion of the world, the better to prepare themselves by prayer, in silence and solitude, for the sacraments and other duties required by the Catholic religion, may retire, free of expense, for the space of eight days. The building appropriated for this laudable purpose is admirably calculated to withdraw the mind from human affairs, and to fit it to receive divine inspiration, by abstraction from all sublunary and temporal concerns ; and it has been amply endowed with revenues greater than those of most of the charitable institutions in Europe. The structure itself is magnificent, and of greater dimensions than the palaces of Great Britain. It encloses two squares, one having a fine garden, into which the windows of the apartments occupied by the penitents open. Each person has a comfortable room, containing a small well executed crucifix, and other emblems of religion, a wooden bedstead, chair, and table. I counted seventy-one apartments, all numbered, and here the penitents pass their time, except when they meet at their short and frugal meals, or at the appointed hours of public devotion in the chapel.—The long galleries in which they may enjoy exercise are of the greatest splendour, and furnished with solid silver and gold crucifixes, and other religious ornaments, forming a striking contrast to the sombre cells in which the solitary spends the greatest part of his time. They are also decorated with excellent paintings, mostly of the old school, the subjects taken from the Holy Scriptures, or illustrative of the lives of the most remarkable Patriarchs, Saints, and Martyrs. Appropriate quotations in Spanish, from the Psalms of David, and other portions of the sacred writings best adapted to excite the soul to gratitude for the mercy of the omnipotent Creator, and after seclusion to return the penitent to the

world improved and amended, are interspersed. The apartments are generally occupied about twelve times in the year, and some oftener, so that upwards of one thousand persons annually receive the benefit of this pious foundation.

"It is inhabited alternately by male and female occupants, the abode of the clergymen being in a separate court of the building. - - -

"Puebla was formerly celebrated for its manufactory of coarse woollen cloths, but it has now fallen off in this branch of manufacture. We visited the manufactory of earthen ware and glass; at the former we saw large ornamental pieces in colour and pattern much resembling the china brought from the east. The painting is executed by men seated on the ground. The machinery for grinding the flint used in the glaze, and for turning the ware is very simple and rude. They were much pleased with our visit, and without hesitation explained the whole process. They were aware how greatly they were behind the manufactories of Europe, and told us, that no clay fit for the *fabrication* of porcelain or fine earthenware had as yet been found in Mexico; but in the coarse red ware they excel, both as to the elegance of the forms and patterns, and as it regards

the size and lightness. The whole of their cooking utensils are formed of earthenware, metal vessels being unknown in their kitchens; to which, indeed, the former is preferable, and so cheap that a few shillings will furnish all the requisites for a gentleman's *cuisine*.

"The manufactory of glass has been lately much improved, and it is probable that shortly, with the adoption of some of our machinery in the preparation of the materials, the importation from Europe will be discontinued. They copy the forms well, and in the texture and colour of their glass they already rival us.

"Soap is a considerable article of traffic in Puebla, being sent from thence to most cities of New Spain. It is made in the shape of birds, fishes, beasts, fruits;—indeed they give it a thousand fantastical forms.

"The Mexican confectioners excel in their sweetmeats and cakes, which are articles very much in request on Spanish tables. I was told that, at the coronation of the Emperor, upwards of five hundred kinds of dulces were served up in the desert.

"That many of the inhabitants of Puebla are wealthy is attested by their equipages and retinues."

GOLDEN RULES FOR HONEST MEN.

(Mon Mag.)

1. **D**O no act which you feel any repugnance to have seen or known by others, for the necessity of being secret implies some vice in the act, or some error in the reasoning which leads to its self-justification.

2. Do nothing to any sentient or suffering being, which you would feel to be cruel or unjust towards yourself, if your beings or situations were changed; and mark, that though this rule is erroneously limited to the relations of man to man, and is therefore practised too often with a view to reciprocal advantage; yet it is genuine virtue only, when practised towards those from whom no reciprocal advantage can be derived, as when applied to the meanest animals, and every helpless sentient object.

3. To live and let live, applies to all social and physical relations; for the world is the common property of all the beings who have been evolved by the progress of creative power, and all are necessary parts of a great and harmonious scheme, to which it is our duty to submit, while the happiness of all ought,

as far as possible, to be rendered accordant with our own.

4. Hesitate, doubt, inquire, and, if possible, forbear, whenever your intention is dangerous or fatal to the welfare of another; for it is too late to correct an error of judgment after any mischief to another has been perpetrated.

5. Give countenance to no slander relative to another in his absence; and, if obliged to hear slanders, discharge your own responsibility by the early communication of them to the slandered: for he who hears any slander, who takes no measures to procure its contradiction, and who, from any sinister motive, declines to bring the slanderer and slandered face to face, is an accessory, and as culpable as the propagator; while the baseness and mischief of slander would be rooted from society, if hearers forbore to be quiescent accessories.

6. Beware of envy, and of a practice of detracting from the merit of those whom you have not the industry, the inclination, or the talent, to imitate; for it is your duty either to ad-

mire or emulate others, or to be content with the station in which your birth, talents, or industry have placed you.

7. Be as useful as possible in the social sphere which you fill ; for a man in society does not live for himself alone ; and, as he derives benefits from others, so he ought to confer them as often as he has the opportunity and the power.

8. Remember that all wealth and grandeur is sustained by the industry and privations of others : for money is but the representative of products, and products are the results of labour ; thus income from interest of money is drawn from the industry or privations of the borrower ; that from rent, from the industry or privations of the tenant ; and that from manufacturing products, from the industry or privations of the workman.

9. Reward and encourage virtue in every station, and discountenance vice and bad passions, however adventitiously exalted : for, unless the good draw a strong line between the worthy and the unworthy, and, by association and subscription, combine to sustain the adversity and the old age of virtue, unprincipled vice will eagerly trample it in the dust.

10. Avoid all those insanities of the human mind engendered by unwise authors, and early errors—such as the passion after posthumous fame, which can seldom be realized, and can never be felt,—as the love of wealth beyond the means of comfortable enjoyment,—as the love of renown among beings who forget you in sleep, and in death,—as the love of military glory, excited to gratify the bad passions of weak princes and wicked ministers,—as the ambition after titles, which mean no more than the syllables of which they consist,—and as the zeal of self-devotion in any cause of the hour, the object and use of which will be forgotten in a year, and laughed at by the next generation.

11. Seek wisdom in all things, that you may not be the dupe and slave of the craft and subtlety of others, that you may be enabled to play an independent part in society ; and search

deeply, that you may avoid conceit, by knowing how little is known even by the wisest.

12. Be not inconsistent in your expectations ; and, having chosen your walk through life, pursue it with patience, industry, and contentment : thus if superiority in knowledge is your object, do not envy the accumulations of your thrifty neighbour : if wealth is your object do not wonder that your character for knowledge, justice, and liberality stands not so high as that of others ; and, if the reputation of virtue is your ambition, you must govern your passions, practise forbearance without repining, and consult the interest of others as much as your own.

13. Let scintillations of pride be corrected, by considering that you are mortal ; that, only a few years ago you were not, and, in a few years hence, will not be ; and that an eternity preceded and will follow you, reducing your span of life to a point ; that your possessions, however vast, are but a speck on a little globe, which is itself but a point in the universe ; and that your bodily structure, your secretions, your mechanism, and your assimilations, are exactly the same as those of all other men, and, if not the same, you would be diseased, or a monster ; and remember that wisdom, manners, and virtue, constitute the only difference among human creatures.

14. Respect the means adopted by public social policy, to subjugate the practices of the ignorant and unthinking to their hopes, fears, and superstitions ; for man, though a reasoning, is not a rational animal, and for once that he is right, he is wrong a hundred times ; consequently his moral practices in society, which are governed by his imperfect reason, his selfish craft, and his unruly passions, generally require an influence beyond his ordinary nature, to render his association bearable.

15. Promote education, free inquiry, and truth ; for untaught man is the patient of the circumstances by which he is surrounded, and the mere creature of imitation,—a mahomedan Turk, if born in Turkey ; a Siberian polytheist, if born in Siberia ; or a protestant

or popish Christian, if born in Holland, or Spain ; the faith, manners, and habits of each country, constituting individual character. To arrive at universal truth, to avoid the established errors of localities, and to become free from the continuous errors of previous ages, are therefore the primary duties of all men who aspire to the attributes of wisdom.

16. Practise toleration towards the

opinions and habits of your fellow-creatures, each of whom is the passive instrument of his education and associations. Pity and teach, if your practices are unquestionably better ; but do not persecute or inflict punishment, either for ignorance, or for errors in the formation of character, arising from the vices of society, the prejudices imbibed in youth, or the inattention of governments.

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS.

(Sel. Mag.)

VAIN REPETITIONS.

MATTHEW vi. 7. "*But when ye pray, use not vain repetitions, as the heathen do : for they think that they shall be heard for their much speaking.*"—Next morning we started again at an early hour, as soon as the reisser had got through their prayers. With one of them this was a very long and serious concern. He generally spent an hour in this exercise every morning, and as much in the evening, besides being very punctual in the performance of this duty at the intervening periods of stated prayer. Certainly he did not pray in secret, communing with his heart, but vociferated with all his might, and repeated the words as fast as his tongue could give them utterance. The form and words of his prayer were the same with those of the others ; but this good man had made a vow to repeat certain words of the prayer a given number of times both night and morning. The word *Rabboni* for example, answering to our word *Lord*, he would bind himself to repeat a hundred or two hundred times, twice a day ; and accordingly went on, in the hearing of all the party, and on his knees, sometimes with his face directed steadily to heaven, at other times bowing down to the ground, and calling out *Rabboni, Rabboni, Rabboni, &c.* as fast as he could articulate the words, like a school-boy going through his task, not like a man who, praying with the heart and the understanding also, continues longer on his knees in the rap-

ture of devotion ; and who like Jacob pleading with the Lord, will not let him go unless he bless him.

Having settled his account with the word *Rabboni*, which the telling of his beads enabled him to know when he had done, he proceeded to dispose of his other vows in a similar manner. *Allah houakbar*, 'God most great,' perhaps came next, and this he would go on with as with the other, repeating the words as fast as he could frame his organs to pronounce them,—and so on with respect to others. The usual number for repeating certain words is thirty-three times each ; and the Mussulman's beads are strung accordingly, three times thirty-three, with a large dividing bead between each division.

To hear this man repeat his prayers, his variety of unconnected tones running through all the notes of the gamut, produced quite a ludicrous effect : you would say this man was caricaturing or making a farce of devotion ; but to look at him while engaged in the performance nothing could be more serious or devout, or more abstracted from the world, than his appearance. All his countrymen thought well of his devotions, and never manifested the slightest disposition to smile at him for his oddities ; on the contrary, they said that he was a rich man and would be a great sheikh. So great is their respect for prayer, that raillery on that topic would not be tolerable among Mussulmans." **RICHARDSON'S TRAVELS.**

(Euro. Mag.)

THE MYSTIC MESSENGER.

"Who is this dark unbidden guest,
That dares intrude upon my hours of slumber.
When horrid midnight clothes the world in darkness?"

Warren.

ON the borders of a large forest in Northumberland, there stood an ancient and gloomy building, which was called Claronville castle. It was of gothic construction, and seemed equally adapted to the purposes of defence in time of war, and of family residence in time of peace. Its situation commanded a noble prospect of the surrounding country, rich in vegetative luxuriance, and, more particularly in front, the stately fabric frowned in sullen grandeur, on the majestic forest, which peculiarly contributed to the magnificence of the scenery.

In the year 1614, the hero of our tale was suddenly summoned from abroad, to take possession of the castle, together with his family honours, on the demise of the Earl, his father, who was stated to have fallen in a skirmish, while attempting to reduce the Welch, who, at that period, were refractory to the authority of king James. At the time of his succession, Earl Harold was in the prime of life, of an agreeable person, and martial air: yet his disposition was strongly tinged with superstition. A few months after his arrival, he married a widow lady, whose personal attractions were less the objects of the earl's desire, than the splendour of her rank, and the attractions of her riches. He retained all his father's domestics, among whom was a man of the name of Jacques, than on whose countenance, nature had never on any of her sons, more strongly imprinted the marks of consummate villainy. His eyebrows met, his eyes were grey and sharp, and their hollow-ness was greatly increased by the hideous prominence of his cheek bones. This man having wormed himself into the confidence of his former master, attended him to Wales; and by him was account brought home of the Earl's death, which circumstance he declared he witnessed, as he fell by his side.

There was a nobleman of the name of Ferdillan, who inhabited a castle about three miles distant from Claronville, of a haughty, gloomy, and revengeful disposition. At his calmest moments he was morose, but terrible indeed, when enraged. An intercourse had formerly subsisted between this man and earl Harold, which was terminated by the former, owing to a quarrel between the Noblemen, which, being laid before the king, he decided by commanding Ferdillan, to beg pardon on his knees of Earl Harold. The ignominy of so public a degradation, could never be endured by a man of Ferdillan's disposition; and their former coldness degenerated into absolute hatred, so bitter on the part of the former, that he vowed the direst revenge on the earl and his family; especially as his son, following the example of his father, had insulted him.

Previous to the insurrection in Wales, to which Ferdillan also went, several of the servants noticed with surprise, the constancy of Jacques's visit to Ferdillan's castle; and, when questioned by them concerning it, he swore he only visited a servant maid there; but the day preceding their departure to Wales, Jacques was entirely at Ferdillan's castle, and returned home just in time, with another servant, to attend his lordship; and, it was noticed, that the same day that Ferdillan returned home, Jacques also returned, bringing the news of his master's decease.

These circumstances, added to a conversation in the servants' hall, in which Jacques bore a part, and was observed to waver in his account of his master's death; as also his turning pale when one of the servants mentioned, that, during the Earl's absence, casually passing in that quarter, he heard a loud groan, issue apparently from under ground, and succeeded by a noise of scuffling,—contributed to throw

something like an air of mystery on the circumstances attending the Earl's death. About two months after this conversation, the servants being all retired to their apartments, together with the Earl and his countess, the night being clear and frosty, the Earl absorbed in thought, was sitting by his bed room window some time after his lady was asleep. On turning to go to his bed, in a distant corner of the room, he beheld, to his mingled terror and amazement, a figure, dressed in a shabby suit of soldier's clothes. In a low voice it exclaimed, "Earl Harold! Earl Harold! follow;" and motioned to go. The Earl, overcome with fear, hid his face in his mantle; at length heartily ashamed of his pusillanimity, he ventured to look up; but the figure was gone. All the ghostly legends of his youth crowding on his memory, he hastily undressed, got into bed, and courted sleep; but it was banished from his couch. In the morning he rose feverish and unrefreshed; but, to the repeated interrogations of his Countess, he answered that nothing ailed him. The next night, he again saw the mystic appearance; it repeated the former words, but receiving no answer, again disappeared. He instantly awoke the Countess, and abruptly asked, if she had seen anything? On her answering in the negative, he informed her the cause of his terror, on hearing which she was equally alarmed, but could suggest no plan to discover the cause of the anxieties. A few nights afterwards, they both beheld the same appearance. With considerable asperity, it repeated its former mandate; the terrified couple unable to answer, remained still; and, after a few moments, it again disappeared. On the Countess's suggestion, that perhaps it might be merely a trick, they both searched minutely the wainscot, but could find no entrance; they were now convinced that it was supernatural, and their terrors increased. Still they mentioned not a syllable to the servants, except one; who offered to sit up in that room by himself, and report accordingly. Having fortified himself with a bumper of brandy, he entered the room, while the Earl and Countess remained below in anxious expectation. In half an hour he ran

down stairs, breathless, with terror on his countenance, exclaiming "Oh my Lord! I've seen it; it was fifteen feet high! large saucer eyes, and was gulphing flames of blue fire!" The poor fellow sunk fainting on the floor; when he recovered, he persisted in his account, and swore he would never again enter the cursed room. They spent the night in another chamber, and rose in the morning seriously indisposed, from terror and want of rest. At last, the Earl determined to go up to London, and acquaint the king; knowing him to be curious in such matters, in order to request his advice. Accordingly he set out that day, attended by a splendid retinue for London. His rank and splendid attendance, insured him an immediate admission to the king. He found James whistling a favourite Scotch air, at the same time playing with a favourite mastiff. Bending his knee, he addressed the monarch, saying, "Earl Harold presents his duty to his sovereign." "An' wha ma' ye be?" said the king. "Your gracious majesty's liege subject, John, Earl Harold, of Northumberland." "Weel mon, rise: how goes game in your country, whilk is scarce wi' us?" Having respectfully satisfied his curiosity, he continued, "that impressed with a sense of his majesty's great wisdom in abstruse affairs, he made bold to request his advice on an affair of great moment." "Bide a wee! bide a wee!" suddenly exclaimed the king, who was looking through the window,—“Bide a wee, an' I'll ma' be hear ye; but there's Somerset's mon, wi' some braw game, an' I just want to tell the cuik how I'll ha' it dress'd." On his return, the Earl, after stating the first appearance of the figure, proceeded, "and it was dressed in a suit of shabby soldier's clothes." "Hold awee! hold awee!" hastily interrupted the sportive king,—“Mind ye, Harold, mind ye, a soldier's a sworn servant o' mine, so ye suldna say shabby soldiers, whilk, d'ye see is insulting me, but shabby *suit* o' soldiers claes." The Earl bowed, and proceeded till he finished. The king, after a little thoughtfulness, suddenly interrogated Harold, "Didna ye say i' the name of the Father, Sune, an' Holy

Ghaist, what ma' ye want?" The Earl answered in the negative, that fear prevented him. "Tut, man!" said James, "what suld ye be feared o'? However, ha' no ye seen our Treatise on Dæmonology? its cost ourselves mickle labour and deep thought i' the making out; maybe ye'll fin summat that will answer your case." "Please your majesty," answered the Earl, "I have not seen it." "Weel ye soon shall! Charlie! (calling his page,) Charlie! ye ken a mickle buik, that's standing anent our royal bed room; ye'll bring it to us." Charlie soon returned with the book in question, which James presented to the Earl, saying "Gang awa hame, Harold, and I didna doubt that ye'll fin' in that buik, what will teach you how to manage this dreadfu' ghaist." The Earl kissed hands and departed; the king adding, "if ye didna find aught to suit ye in that buik, and the ghaist appears again, ye'll set out for London and tell me."

When the Earl arrived at Claronville, to his extreme vexation, he found the affair noised all over the castle; and, on enquiry, he found, that the fellow who had been so much terrified, was the author of the report; which was confirmed beyond a doubt in the eyes of the servants, by the positive refusal of the Countess to sleep in the chamber in question. Consequently, no one since the Earl's departure, had witnessed the nightly visits of the *Mystic Messenger*. Peace was banished from the castle; for, in those days, the minds of the lower orders being grossly uncultivated, save in ghostly legends, the servants found in every casual occurrence, so many confirmations of their terrors. Every lamp burnt with a blue flame, every fire shot out coffins; each sigh of the wind was changed into groans, and every distant noise was the treading of the ghost. The Earl carefully perused the treatise of James, but found no resolution of the cause of his fears. His solemn conjectures on spiritual visitations, and demoniacal influence, with his ghostly admonitions to wizards, witches, &c. rather enhanced, than removed his superstitions. However, he resolved once more to sleep in the

room; and, should it appear without his summoning sufficient resolution to question it, to return and seek the farther advice of James. Accordingly, at night, he secretly bent his way to the mysterious chamber, his Countess sleeping in another room, and the servants inwardly wondering at their master's boldness. Jacques, for certain reasons best known to that *worthy* servant, felt more terror, yet disguised it better than any of them. At the "witching hour" of midnight, the Earl, hearing a rustling noise, and turning to the usual place of its appearance (for one thing appeared singular to him, it always was stationed in one particular spot,) he again beheld his mysterious and unwelcome visiter. However, he was sufficiently composed to record that it spoke in a tone of anger, whilst repeating its mysterious mandate, "Harold! Harold! follow me." Unaccountable fear again sealed his lips, and closed his eyes. On opening them, --his mystic guest was gone. The Earl, exceedingly vexed, turned into bed, and, after a sleepless night, resolved to visit the king, and claim his promise. Accordingly in the morning, having summoned his domestics, he took leave of his Countess, leaving them involved in an undefinable terror of they knew not what. After a speedy journey, and the ceremony of introduction, he again found himself tête-à-tête with James, and immediately commenced the subject in hand, mentioning the re-appearance of the mysterious intruder, and his perusal of the king's treatise, without obtaining the wished for satisfaction. As soon as he had mentioned this latter circumstance, the king, with a rueful length of visage exclaimed, "Deil take it, Harold, ha' ye read it a', from beginning till end?" The Earl assured him he had most religiously perused the volume in question, from beginning to end. "Did ye na abjure the fallow?" "No, your majesty." "Would he frighten one to look on? Is na his face ghastly and corpse-like?" The Earl replied, "he believed not, but he had not particularly noticed its countenance." "Weel then," said James, after a long silence, "D'ye see, Harold, if I were sure it

wadna put me in *bodily* fear, whilk, d'ye see, is no ways pleasant, perhaps we'd gang down our royal selves wi' you." Harold rejoiced to hear his monarch speak thus ; for he really had great confidence in the physical energies of the king, independent of the consideration of the singular condescension and honour done him. He immediately returned a shower of thanks to his sovereign, in which the words *courage*, *learning*, and *generosity*, were plentifully mingled. Well, it was settled that James should accompany the Earl to Claronville, disguised under the title of Earl Glennock. The king fixed the next day for the commencement of this *spiritual* adventure, and, concluding his absence would not extend to more than two days, merely mentioned to his lords, that he wished to travel incog. a short journey. On Thursday, September the 11th, 1616, the noble couple proceeded on their journey ; and, though the conversation of James was no doubt interesting and amusing, we shall forbear noticing it here, and proceed to matters of more importance. When they arrived at the castle, James waived his distinction, and commanded the Earl to speak to him in the language of a friend to a friend ; in which character he was introduced to the Countess, who was informed, that through curiosity, he would watch in the *haunted* chamber. After supper, the Countess retired, and the Earl proposed to his royal companion to enter on their adventure. James was very far from evincing his former readiness ; however, to spare himself the appellation of a coward, he essayed to perform his part with a good grace, and, accordingly, walked, preceded by Harold, with great solemnity, to the chamber in question. They had not gone many paces when James, in something not very far from a downright fit of trembling, whispered to the Earl, " Deil take me, Harold, if I think God would let the awld ane come to plague good christians !" turning with an anxious look to the Earl, who, though inclined to be serious enough, could scarcely avoid laughing at the incipient terrors of James. He answered in the negative. " Weel," he replied, " weel,

gang and bring a sword, and pistol, and the holy buik, each, and then watch for this ghaist ;" attempting to smile, but with a countenance so rueful, that the Earl could scarcely refrain from real laughter. Having retraced their steps to the supper chamber, they obtained the above mentioned articles, and again, with anxious steps, bent their way to the mystic chamber. Eagerly they watched the hours, ten, eleven, twelve, flit away ; just as the latter had finished chiming, with sullen roar, the Earl pointed to the fatal spot in silence, and they both viewed the floor, apparently open, and the figure slowly stood upright, and, approaching James with solemn step, let fall at his feet, a letter, sealed in black, directed to " His Gracious Majesty King James ;" and then as slowly retreated to its former place, and remained stationary. In the meantime, James sat at the table, the very picture of horror ; his teeth chattering, and his knees knocking together. The letter remained unopened at his feet, till the voice of the Earl, recalling his scattered senses, urged him to take it up and read it. " Ah mon," said James, in a low tone of voice, " Wha would tak' ought to read fra' the evil ane ? Bide awee ; I'll tak' a soup of wine, and maybe I'll read it." The Earl waited till James had refreshed himself, he then took up the letter with a trembling hand, ever and anon casting a fearful glance on the mysterious figure before him, and with horror and amazement, read as follows :—

" Has your sacred majesty forgotten your ancient liege subject, Henry, Earl of Northumberland ?" The astonishment of James, at finding himself recognized, knew no bounds ; especially when the person, who mysteriously stood before him, was his quondam friend and associate, the old Earl of Northumberland.. He instantly assumed the monarch, and, while he contemplated the figure, beheld it throw aside the cloak in which it was enveloped, and display to his astonished spectators, the fine majestic towering figure of the old Earl of Northumberland, reported to have fallen in the skirmish with the Welsh ! His few grey hairs strayed gracefully over his wrinkled forehead,

and betokened the sorrow and distress to which he had been subjected. "Come forward," said the king, "and by touching our royal hand convince us you're neither dead, nor a ghaist." The Earl, majestically stalked forward, did as was directed, and then walked to his astonished son, hastily saluted him, stood back, and exclaimed, "Follow immediately, or you are all lost." "Weel," said James, "you wadna, I think, betray our sovereign majesty into the hands of ghaist, or other frightful beings; so we'll e'en follow you." He accordingly grasped a sword and pistol, as did the young Earl; and after being informed by their noble conductor, that their lives depended on their silence and cautiousness, both followed the Earl to a large trap door, through which he had entered, and carefully descended. They found themselves in darkness not "visible" when they reached the bottom. They were conducted silently along a narrow walk, and came to another flight of steps, which having descended led them into a kind of vault. Here their guide stopped them, and solemnly informed them, "whatever you see or hear, speak not a syllable; but when I point with my hand, silently rise and follow me back again, or we all perish." James, in an agony of terror, silently imploring his merciful father in heaven to tak' pity on him, leaned on the Earl's arm, and again they proceeded, till, at a distance, through an aperture in the wall, they saw a light, and heard the low murmur of voices. The Earl once more put his hand to his lips, and they proceeded to the spot, and anxiously listened. "When two o'clock strikes," said a voice, "we will all proceed along the vault and passage, to the Earl's bed-chamber." "Yes," answered a voice which was instantly recognized as the villain Jacques's—"only the Earl is in his room, for he sees a ghost every night, he says; so we'll e'en fire at mortal and ghost." "Aye," responded the first voice, "Ferdillan's anger shall rest only when Northumberland is in the adjoining vault." The Earl gave the signal for retiring, which they instantly obeyed, and soon found themselves in the chamber which they had

quitted. After a short consultation, they settled on the following plan; they extinguished the light, drew the curtains round the bed, called up six of the men servants, and armed them. They then brought them into the chamber with their shoes off, and stationed them at proper distances round the wall, as the darkness would shade them. They were to approach behind each man who should come up to the bed, and seize and bind him, the moment they heard the report of a pistol, which they rightly enough conjectured would be fired by Ferdillan himself. The servants, by the king's own order, were not to proceed to extremities, except their own personal safety absolutely required it. Thus cautioned, they proceeded to their ambush, and remained in profound silence, till the clock struck two. In a few moments the trap door opened, and a man arose, with a dark lantern in his hand. Four others, masked and armed, followed him. They slowly proceeded to the bed and stood round it. The Earl's servants silently came from their ambush, and each took his station behind one of the assassins. Ferdillan drew aside the curtains, as did the rest, and all fixed their pistols into the bed. Instantly they were seized, thrown down, and firmly bound, back to back: the bell was rung, lights were called for, and the prisoners carried to the castle dungeons without having spoken a syllable; for horror, amazement and passion, choaked their utterance.

When they were safely secured, the Earl called for refreshments to be laid out, and then ordered the remainder of the household to bed. He shortly detailed to his anxious auditors, that, "after the before-mentioned skirmish with the Welsh, he was returning home, and had arrived, late at night, at the great gate of the castle, when he was suddenly seized by two men in masks, and, together with his servant, thrown from his horse. He immediately drew his sword and defended himself with desperation; but was at last overpowered, and his servant killed on the spot. He was bound hand and foot, carried to a dungeon under the castle, and his vic-tuals brought to him every day, and pushed through the iron grating, by the

villain Jacques. In this horrible situation several years had expired, when one day, walking round his solitary dungeon, he chanced to tread on a spring, and immediately a trap-door started open. This was too interesting a discovery not to be proceeded in; he accordingly descended, and groped his way through dark passages and vaults, till he found himself at the door of a subterranean chapel; and here he heard the voices of Ferdillan and Jacques consulting together, on a plan of murdering him and his son, when the title and estates were to be seized by Ferdillan. The agitated and horror-struck Earl hastily retired to his dungeon, and ruminated on what he had heard. What could an insulated prisoner like himself do to counterwork their machinations? He resolved to leave it to time, till his son came home, and, in the mean time, to find some means of communication with the bed chamber usually occupied by the owner of the castle. This, in the course of one of his subterranean peregrinations he found. Soon after, he heard that his son had arrived at the castle; and immediately commenced his endeavours to converse with him, and counteract the malice of the Earl Ferdillan. The first day that he made his appearance, we have seen that he retired unsatisfied, in a few minutes: the reason of his abrupt departure, at his several appearances, was, that he feared his enemies, finding his cell empty when they came to bring his food, might at once murder him; and, in order to prevent the danger which would be incurred by the joy and astonishment, which no doubt his sudden annunciation would occasion to his son, and knowing his nature to be superstitious, he chose that manner to unfold it gradually to him. To his infinite vexation, his son was too terrified for him ever to succeed; and he always returned a few moments after his first speech, cheerless and disappointed to his cell. As he lay concealed one night, previous to his appearance, he heard his son inform his countess of the King's intended visit; and when the room was untenanted, owing to his son's being

gone to meet the king, he went into the room, and taking the requisite materials, wrote a letter and sealed it, taking it with him, and, concluding that if he found on his next visit a stranger with his son, that stranger would be the king, he resolved to drop it at his feet; which he accordingly did as we have seen. The Earl having thus satisfied his auditor's curiosity, the king grew very merry. "I'faith, d'ye see, nane but siccan a fule as clod" (the merry andrew) "as would fear a ghaist. Aye, I'd cut in twa a hun'ed thousand o'them dreadfu' ghaists! Belike, Earl, you thought for to freeten your sovereign lord King James; na such jokes for the future, or I s'all cut ye in twa d'yesees:" which, it appears was his favourite phrase. The fatigued party, after wishing every joy to the restored Earl of Northumberland, retired to their separate chambers, to court that repose to which each had been so long a stranger. In the morning, the King commanded the conspirators to be brought before him, as he was determined himself to sit in judgment upon them; upon which they were all committed into the charge of the Earl's servants, and brought before him. The King addressed Ferdillan, who was heavily ironed,—“Rascal! what ma' ye ha' te say for yoursell? We're your Royal Master, James; and were i' the same room in which you made your traiterous attempt, close anent you?” The Earl remained speechless. “You, Jacques, murdered your fellow servant, who was attending his lord. Now list! Ferdillan, there's proof positive anent you, a murder committed with malice aforethought; whilk, by the law o' England is death; so, d'ye see, Ferdillan and Jacques will be hangit i' the morn, opposite this castle; and your companions s'all all leave the country; that is our royal sentence, an' may God ha' mercy on your sauls!” “Oh damnation!” exclaimed the frenzied Earl of Ferdillan, “die with Jacques!” He fell into the most ungovernable rage imaginable, and was carried out. During the day, a scaffold was erected opposite the great gate, where the old Earl had first been seized; and, in the morning, going into Ferdillan's

cell, found him stretched along lifeless on the ground, covered with gore. With a concealed and poisoned dagger he had committed this horrid deed. Jacques was immediately executed, and his body, together with Ferdillan's thrown into a hole in a cross road, without Christian burial; their associates being less guilty, were banished for life. The Earl again took possession of his castle, to which was annexed, by the King's command, Ferdillan's estate and title to be assumed by the Earl of Northumberland and his heir for ever. The

next day, the King returned to London, and ratified his promise to the Earl concerning Ferdillan's estate. The old Earl lived to a good age, honoured and admired by all around, while the name of Ferdillan was never mentioned but with detestation and contempt. The Earl erected a small stone across the spot in which the wretched couple were interred, merely mentioning their names, with this solemn motto:—"He who sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed."

GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

(Lond. Lit. Gaz.)

THEIR MAJESTIES THE KING AND QUEEN OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

"We all shall be kings in our turns."

"**W**HY, Bob! well, I declare so it is! Why, Bob, you young son of a sea-coot, where have you been knocking to windward for these two or three years past?" exclaimed old Jack Rattlin, as he started up with surprise and pleasure, though he had been disturbed while composing himself for his afternoon's nap in his little cabin. "Lord love the boy, how he's grown! Why, you warn't higher than the windlass end when you went away. And where have you been to, and how's sister Poll, and all the rest on 'em? Come, bring your starn to an anchor. Why I'm right heartily and sincerely glad to see you; but who'd ha' thought it! Lord love the boy! he's just like his poor father, my son Jack that's dead and gone, and left his old dad a shattered old hulk behind, only fit to be broke up (he dashed a tear from his eye.) But it's of no use overhauling that consarn now; so bring up, I say, and tell us all about it." This was uttered with his usual volubility to a fine young sailor, who grasped the veteran's hand, and showed in the outlines of his face a striking resemblance to the hoary Tar. 'Twas youth and age contrasted, and yet both so mild, that the heart scarcely could tell which claimed the preference. "Come, tell us all about it, (repeated old Jack;) and where have you been to?"—"I've been to the

South Seas in a whaler," replied Bob. "Whaler, eh? Ah, I used to love that sport when I was a boy, and many a harpoon I've handled. And what sort of a voyage have you made?"—"A proper whaler's, plenty of hard work, and but little money."—"Aye, aye, share 'em out, share 'em out—I understand it; but where did you touch at?"—"We touched at the Sandwich Islands."—"Did you? then mayhap you've seen the King and Queen."—"seen 'em? ah to be sure I have. Why to go for to ax such a thing as that now, when we brought 'em home in our ship!"—"Well, who'd ha' thought it? I can remember it as if it was but yesterday, for old age arn't blotted out every mark in the log-book of memory. I can remember it as if it was but yesterday, when I was out there along with Vancouver, and that's thirty years ago. There was King Tommy-Yammer and Queen—but I forgets their hard names now. There was one Davis, too, a white man, and another of the name of Young, that was taken prisoners by the savages, and lived upon the island; but I suppose they're all defunkt now."—"No, Young is living still, and has got a large family. One of his sons came with us, as interpreter, as far as Rio Janeiro; but he fell out with the skipper, and so they left him behind. Old Young lives out

there like a pastry-cook—no, no, patriarch I mean. He has a snug little hut, a delightful situation in a valley, and several fine daughters.’—“Daughters, eh? Why, you young rascal, how dare you look at the girls? There, none of your grinning;—why, I’ve a great mind to lay my leg about your back, (taking it from the table and flourishing it.) And so the old boy’s alive, eh?”—“Yes; and more respected than any one beside, not bating the King himself. He is universally esteemed over all the islands, and every one reverences him.”—“And did you see the place where poor Cook was killed at Owhyhee, and Mr. Hergest was murdered at Woehoo?”—“I saw the spot where Captain Cook lost his life; but there is only one man now in existence that was engaged in it, and he’s desperate old.”—“Well, well, ’twas a sad job; but come, give us the whole yarn from beginning to end, and I won’t interrupt you again. Come, bear a hand. Lord love the boy! why he’s the very spit of his father. There, there, begin, I say, and I’ll be as mum as a stock-fish. Avast though, wash the cobwebs out of your throat first; I always keeps a round of grape and cannister, (pouring out a glass of rum.) Ah, that bottle was my old grandmother’s. There, toss it off, and don’t make so many wry faces: why you won’t begin to-day. Always rince your bucket, Bob, when you’ve done with it, and swab it dry, (said the old veteran, swallowing down what remained in the glass;) and now spin away.”—“Why, d’ye see, we sailed from England, January 5, 1822, in the *L’Aigle*, and after a fine passage of four months we arrived at Païta, on the coast of Peru, without any thing very material, except an accident off Cape Horn, which I’ll tell you. D’ye see we had two lads on board belonging to the Sandwich Islands which had come home in the ship the voyage before. They were fine young men, full of life and spirit, and used to keep us all alive by their comical descriptions of what they had seen in England. Well, one day we were running before the wind with a stiff breeze, at the rate of eight knots, when the jib-boom

knocked one of them overboard. All hands saw it, and stood petrified, except Mat Cleland, a mulatto, and he jumped under the main channels, and clinging with one leg round the chain-plate, threw the rest of his body into the water, and as the lad came astern, he grabbed hold of him by the collar and brought him safe on board. Well, we anchored at Païta, the same place that Commodore Anson took: it was afterward rebuilt, but now lies in ruins, having been almost entirely destroyed by the Patriots under Lord Cochrane. We staid here about ten days to get stock, but there was very little to be procured, so we stood away for the Gallapagos Islands to catch Turpin. We sailed in the afternoon, and next morning we fell in with a pod of forty-barrell’d bull-whales.’—“Did you, my boy? (said old Jack, taking his limb off the table, and poising it like a harpoon)—and did you get fast?”—“Avast, and I’ll tell you. The boats were lowered down. The Chief Mate got fast* first, but his line parted; the Second Mate then pull’d up, and fixed his harpoons. The Captain directed the Chief Mate to proceed after another fish, but he prefer’d attacking the first again, and darted in another iron. The eagerness of the two Officers to see which should have the glory of killing the whale, induced them to haul up alongside to shove the lance under his fin for that purpose. The fish feeling the attack, settled down under the water, and shortly afterward he was observed rising again with his jaws open, right under the Second Mate’s boat, who immediately struck the lance into his head to shove the boat off; but before he could fully accomplish his purpose, the lower jaw of the fish caught the off side of the boat, and turned it over, otherwise he would have snapp’d us in two. Well, we all had a swim for it; and just as I was going to catch hold of the gunwale of Chief Mate’s boat, the fish made a start, and run her half a mile away from me. The next thing that I saw was this very boat flying aloft in the air, and the men in all directions. She

* *Got fast*—i. e. fixed with the harpoon.

was literally cut in two by a blow from the tail of the fish, and the crew were swimming about. On the fore part of her remains was the cooper, and a coloured boy on the aft part, neither of whom could swim. As soon as the whale had done all the mischief, it ranged a-head and lay still, and the fourth Mate's boat came to pick us up. However, while he was getting us in, the fish recovered, and came rolling down to the remnant of the wreck where the poor cooper was, and before we could take him off, the whale had carried him down, and we saw him no more. We were now seventeen men in one boat, and did not dare to move for half an hour, for we could plainly distinguish the monster† under us, laying on his side and looking up. Sometimes he would rise to spout at a little distance, and then resume his station. At last he went off in the wind's eye, spouting blood. In the meantime the Captain had killed one fish about five miles to leeward, without any difficulty. After this we pursued our route to the Gallapagos, and arrived in about a week; and all hands set off for the mountains to catch turpin among the bushes. These islands are uninhabited, and we landed at Charles' Island. The method of bringing the turpin down is by means of a belt strapp'd over the shoulders, one behind and one before, with a raft of little ones slung by rope-yarns over the arm. In the course of nine or ten days we had collected 640, the heaviest weighing about eight hundred weight, down to the size of a dollar. At Albermarle Island, on the south end, there is one of these gentry that enjoys an undisturbed possession of an extensive and fertile plain, on account of his immense size preventing any possibility of moving him. His extreme height is eight feet, and the circumference on the flat of the back upwards of twenty. He is an old acquaintance to all the South Sea men. A few days after our arrival some of the people made a fire up in the bush, (about seven miles from the spring, and nine or ten from the shore,) to cook themselves some chocolate and

turpin; and this not being properly extinguished, it caught the dry grass, (which stood about three foot high,) and run up Blue Morris mountain, and continued burning for two days, so that afterward we had turpin ready cooked; indeed the men hardly escaped. From there we went to the coast of Mexico, and encountered a severe hurricane, in which we lost our boats, and was very near capsized altogether. After taking some fish we proceeded to the Sandwich Islands, and supplied ourselves with boats; and then for eight months went a fishing, and was very successful, filling about two thousand barrels of oil.

We returned again to the Sandwich Islands, and anchored at Woehoo; from thence we went to Mowee to receive the King, and took him, with five or six of his queens and a great many chiefs, to Woehoo, when it was finally settled that they should come to England, though the Americans endeavoured to persuade them from it. The parting with the inhabitants at Mowee was very affecting, but particularly so at Woe-hoo. The King was not attended with much state; but no monarch is more absolute, and this proceeds from the love and reverence of the natives. His earnest wish was to leave Young in charge of the government, but he excused himself on account of his great age (84); and therefore it devolved on Billy Pitt, the brother of Boguey* that's come to England: but still the King would not leave the place till Young had sanctioned his wish. At his departure the natives gathered round him, and tore their hair, and shriek'd and yell'd with the most frantic gestures. The King was dressed in European fashion, and when the boat shoved off from the shore, he stood up without betraying the slightest emotion; while the natives swam round and clung to various parts, crying and yelling with the greatest bitterness. On coming aboard, the decks were crowded with queens and chiefs, pigs and poultry. Of pigs there were about 300; goats, 36; sheep, 6; and bullocks, 4; with 8 dozen of fowls, and 4 dozen of ducks,—all adrift together; and potatoes and powey from

† These fish were from fifty to sixty feet in length and they grow to about one hundred.

* Poki.

stem to stern. Well, we got under weigh, and then Comomorro, the favourite Queen, came alongside in a double canoe paddled by 150 men, and attended by the Princess of Atooi, a most immense woman, as big as a tun butt. The Queen joined her lamentations with the rest; and what with the grunting of the pigs and the howling of the natives, we were almost stunned. The King preserved his composure till the Chiefs and other Queens took their leave, and then his grief overpowered him. We fired a salute in return for those received from the forts and shipping, and the natives in the canoes gave us three cheers, and thus we quitted the Sandwich Islands. The King, Queen, Governor Boguey and his wife; the Pilot, and two other Chiefs; the King's Steward and two servants, with two interpreters, made up the groupe. Among other things brought on board was some salted dog's flesh, a favourite dish with them. Sometimes they were sea-sick, and then the fowls went to wreck, for they generally eat twice as much as at any other time. Whenever a pig was killed the raw entrails composed a delicious feast;—and grog for ever. They always drank their liquor neat, and seldom less than a pint at the time; and when one got drunk, all hands did the same. They varied their dress occasionally, from a piece of cloth round the middle, to their long coats and trowsers. The Queen was sometimes dressed in the richest silks, which were soon covered with filth and grease. They were very affable with the crew, and it was no uncommon sight to see black and white pigging in together, like the checkers on a draft-board. There was no jealousy amongst them. When her majesty got groggy she was very loving, and would be always kissing and hugging her royal spouse, till it was carried too far, and then she used to get knocked down. One of their greatest luxuries was to strip naked, and get one of the crew to heave buckets of water over them. Their majesties were uncommonly attached, and if either one was sick the other would sit crying by the side. Boguey's wife was distinguished by the name of She Boguey. Cards were

their chief amusement, and some of them played a good game. On arriving at Rio Janeiro we fired a salute, which was returned by the forts and the Brazilian fleet, and the English Admiral promised to send his barge to convey them ashore; but after waiting two days, they landed from one of the country boats, and took up their lodgings at a private house in a retired part of the town. The Emperor was at his country-house, but directly returned, he granted them an interview, and the two *monarchs* met together. The Emperor behaved with considerable kindness and affability, and presented the King with a handsome diamond-hilted sword in a gold sheath; and the Empress gave the Queen a pair of diamond ear-rings, for which they received in return a very beautiful feather dress. They visited the British Admiral on board the *Spartiate*, and were much delighted with their entertainment. When they returned, the King described the two decks as one ship a-top of t'other. Lord Cochrane paid them great attention while on shore, as indeed did every body else. They frequently came on board of us to get a mess of raw fish and entrails, as the Captain would not suffer them to eat such garbage before the Portuguese. One day the Captain landed with some ladies, and saw Governor Boguey swimming about near the landing-place, to the great diversion of hundreds of spectators. The moment the Governor catch'd sight of the skipper, he hastened out of the water, and in a state of noddity just as he was, came up to the party and began to converse. The ladies look'd so comical, and the Captain rebuk'd him for his indelicacy; but he appeared scarcely to know what shame was. On being scolded, and asked whether he was not aware of the impropriety? He replied, "No; they look me—me see them—that very good." Well, I can't tell you half now; howsoever we left Rio Janeiro with the same ceremony of salutes, and soon after one of our boys died. This seemed to affect them very much, and they were particularly attentive during the reading of the burial service. Just before we got into soundings, one of the Chiefs departed this

life ; but it did not appear to affect them so much as the loss of the boy. When his body was committed to the deep, the royal personages and their suite appeared in deep black, with crape, &c. ; and the French interpreter read the service in the Sandwich Island lingo. Well, just before he began, the Captain inquired if all hands were in attendance. The Mate said, "Yes, all but the Cook." So the Cook was called, and as he came aft, plastered with grease and as black as the best of 'em, the Queen couldn't help laughing at the ludicrous figure he made ; but a nudge from the King brought her to recollection, and the look of sorrow was resumed. Well, we got safe to Portsmouth, and they began to rig for going ashore. Boguey was upon deck, when a windmill on the land caught his attention. His surprise was excessive, and he roused all hands on deck to look at it, but none of 'em could make out what it was, or what made it go round. A steam vessel was the next object of wonder : they thought at first it was a ship on fire ; but when they observed the rapidity of its motion, and were told that it was forced along by boiling water, they thought it was the effect of witchcraft. But I have spinned a long yarn, grand-ta, and so, d'ye see, I must take a turn and belay ; but mayhap I may think of something else by and by, and then I'll overhaul it.'

AN OLD SAILOR.*

* We trust our original and entertaining Correspondent will be able to do so ; and have only to intimate to our friends that, though written in this fashion, we have every reason to believe that the narrative literally states the facts of the voyage, and truly describes the manners and doings of our Sandwich Visitors.—Ed.

ADDENDA TO THE ACCOUNT OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDERS.

These strangers who have come so many thousand miles to visit this country, have been, for some time past, confined with the measles, and fears have been entertained of their recovery, but they are now considerably better. The King is an amiable man, of a very strong intellect, and quick in understanding : his manners and address are particularly pleasing, and his general deportment remarkable for propriety, when it is considered that he is a na-

tive of a land whose people have no other guide but Nature. His father was a very tyrannical prince, exacting obedience to his commands with great severity ; but still his memory is much treasured by the chiefs, who have the date of his death pricked with the juice of a black berry up and down the fleshy part of the arm, thus :

"Our great and good king TAMAHAMA, died May 19, 1819."

On the present king's accession, he abolished the arbitrary measures of his father, particularly those respecting the *ladies*. The tributary chief of Owhyee (brother to the deceased king) however, still retained them, and this produced a sanguinary war, which ended in his defeat and death. Every island has its head chief, but the whole are subject to Riho Reho, and his own possessions are supposed to be worth a million and a half. He has no vessels of war, but several brigs and schooners, some of them from 100 to 200 tons burthen. Two of them are beautiful vessels,—the Cleopatra's Barge and the Waverley, both purchased from the Americans.

The natives are extremely superstitious, even to childishness ; and the anathema of a white man has frequently caused them to pine to death. One of the seamen of L'Aigle, (John Sparks,) had agreed, during the passage, to wash a quantity of linen for Bokey, and for which he was to pay ten dollars ; but after the contract was performed, the governor excused himself, asserting that he was a poor man, and unable to discharge the debt. A short time previous to the ship's arrival in England, Bokey's clothes again required ablution, and Sparks was once more applied to under a promise of settling the old demand, and giving a further payment of five dollars for present work. When the job was completed, the five dollars were instantly paid, but the old account remained unsettled. On the death of the chief (Euago,) the sailor went to Bokey, and plainly told him that unless his ten dollars were forthcoming, he would soon follow his countryman to the land of shades. The effect was instantaneous ; the ten dollars were produced, and of course the

dreaded evil was averted. The fact was that Euago had been accustomed to mix his dirty linen with his brother chiefs, and thus defraud the men by getting his clothes washed for nothing.

[Since the above was written, the King and Queen of the Sandwich Islands have both died in London.]

There is a gentleman at Havre, who left the Sandwich Islands 18 months ago, after a residence of two years there, during which he almost daily had the honour of dining with their late majesties. He describes the king to be 22 years of age, and the queen to be 18. He has five wives: this one is the youngest, and weighs 16 stone! The other four wives or queens rise gradually in weight to 24 stone! He describes his majesty's temper to be the very best, having often drank with him until his majesty did not know whether he was standing on his head or his heels; and in his cups he was never known to vary. At table, he frequently gave bumper toasts, which in general were to the memory of his father; and every time the toast was given, he ordered three guns to be fired from the batteries, the Russians having built him a very strong fort, well mounted with about 100 guns; and 2 long brass 32 pounders, commanding one of the finest and safest harbours in the world. It is absurd to say the king or inhabitants of these islands live upon seal, fish, &c.; his majesty has an American cook, who dresses all his meats and vegetables, &c. after the European manner, of which he possesses an abundance, in great perfection, and many that we are strangers to. The papers have also stated his entire naval force to be not more than half a dozen canoes; my informant says he has more than thirty sail of square rigged vessels, one of which he purchased from an American, and mounts 24 guns. One of his countrymen has established a hotel, where my informant sojourned. The people have no set hours for their meals, but eat whenever they are hungry. The first thing they do in the morning, young and old, is to take a whiff of the pipe; and at table, even where his Majesty presides, they have but one pipe, and he awaits his turn in

a routine of twenty or thirty persons, with the utmost composure and affability. His Majesty understands English badly, and can only say, "Give me some wine—give me some bread, &c." My informant speaks their language, which he describes as very easily learned. In a word, he says the inhabitants are the best people he ever knew. They are fond of dancing to the drum, having no other sort of musical instrument.

The following are new particulars relative to the King of the Sandwich Islands.

Owing to the formal conduct of "official" persons, rather than to any other circumstance, the real character of the late King and Queen of the Sandwich Islands has been imperfectly, or rather inaccurately, represented to the English public. They were kept in a species of distinguished custody; nobody was to approach them but persons of rank or official characters; hence the most absurd stories have got into circulation respecting them, and they were generally looked upon as no better than savages or cannibals. Much injury has been done to them by the imperfect statements that have got abroad, as the following particulars may, perhaps, in some degree show:—The late King of the Sandwich Islands was a Christian, and boasted of his faith; and he was a very liberal Christian, considering that we have viewed him as a savage. Near his residence, and not far from a fort, that has been useful to British merchantmen, there was a large Palace built for the performance of Christian worship, which the late King called his Cathedral. Mr. Ellis, the Missionary, preached there on the special invitation of the King: and it is supposed still preaches there, and the Cathedral was opened to all, but his subjects were not compelled to attend such a place of worship; they might go there or stay away, as they pleased; the King wished them to attend to the Christian worship, but there was no compulsion. As to the King's numerous wives, the female who accompanied him to this country was his recognized Queen; she was his favourite, his companion, and his

general partner of bed and board ; though he was no Grand Signor, there were four other females attached to his Court, which have all been termed his wives ; but the customs of a country cannot all at once be changed.

With respect to the power of the King at home, a merchantman, belonging to a distinguished house in the city of London, in particular, was in danger from some piratical vessels in those seas ; and this merchantman made for what may be termed the Port of the King of the Sandwich Islands. The vessel was there aided and effectually protected for several days ; and, previous to her departure, had valuable assistance ; for all of which, however, the King would accept no remuneration. Besides the *Offley* whaler, which takes out the despatches, and which will complete her fitting out at the Sandwich Islands, for her ultimate destination, it is stated that two Indiamen would touch there, proceeding by the way of Cape Horn.

The inquiry, however, still is—What was the object of the king's visit to this country ? He made every arrangement to come here ; not resigning the throne, as has been erroneously stated, but appointing his younger brother, a minor, what we should call "Regent," aided by a council, consisting of the head men left behind ; and the object of his voyage was an interview with the King of England. The object of such an interview remains a mystery ; he would not impart it even to Mr. Canning ; he would only communicate with the King in person, of course through

the medium of his interpreters. His notions of what was due to the Sovereign authority, made him pursue this mysterious course. No day had been fixed for the interview ; not WEDNESDAY last, as has been incorrectly stated ; though it is curious that he died on the day which had been stated as the one on which the interview was to take place.

Of his manners much has been said. During the voyage he was free and more conversational, and would 'unbend' to participate in the general enjoyments of those around him ; but on arriving in England, he became more considerate in his demeanour and evidently had no humble opinion of monarchical consequence. He seemed to consider that a King's word was law, or that it was his bond, and that the monarch's decision, answer, or fiat, could not be pronounced without the amplest reflection—as involving a step that could not be retraced. If any question, or subject of importance were submitted to him, he would not return an immediate answer ; he would turn round to reflect and perhaps might not return an answer for some minutes, or till another part of the day. And whatever might have been his occasional demeanour on ship-board he did not 'relax' on shore : he always seemed mindful to sustain the dignities of his station. These are the facts obtained from a source that may be relied on ; and they may enable the public to do some justice to the memory of an extraordinary visitor.

(Lon. Mag.)

SONNET.

THERE is no God, the fool in secret said—

There is no God that rules on earth or sky :

Tear off the band that folds the wretch's head,

That God may burst upon his faithless eye.

Is there no God ?—the stars in myriads spread,

If he look up, the blasphemy deny,

Whilst his own features in the mirror read,

Reflect the image of Divinity.

Is there no God ?—the stream that silver flows,

The air he breathes, the ground he treads, the trees,

The flowers, the grass, the sands, each wind that blows,

ALL speak of God ; throughout one voice agrees,

And eloquent his dread existence shows :

Blind to thyself, ah see him, fool, in these.

Traditions of the Western Highlands.

No. VIII.

SCOTCH SECOND-SIGHT.

THIS remarkable faculty, which has been considered peculiar to the Highlanders of Scotland, is generally supposed to have become extinct of late years. This however is an erroneous opinion. If ever it existed in that country, it exists at present. There are many persons now living on the mainland and the Hebrides, who are believed to possess the second-sight as perfectly as their remote ancestors. This is a subject which has attracted the attention of many; and it is known to all that the celebrated Samuel Johnson was of that number. It is not our intention to enter into any theoretical discussion on this singular power. One remark has struck us in regard to many of those persons to whom it is ascribed, and that is, the peculiar formation or appearance of their eyes. In several instances they squint much; and in a great majority of the cases which have fallen under our observation, the pupils are much dilated, where the eyes are free of other defects. We are by no means disposed to pretend that this accounts for the phenomenon; it is merely mentioned as a fact which we have never seen or heard noticed before.

Many most remarkable instances of the second-sight have occurred in the Highlands of late years, and appear to be as well attested as things of that nature can be.

About twenty years ago, a celebrated seer in the island of Uist was in conversation with the lady of the proprietor from whom he held his small farm. They stood in the porch of the mansion-house of Killbride, and a near relation of the family happened to be then a visiter there. That gentleman was of a cheerful disposition, and the seer heard him laugh very heartily; on which he sighed deeply, and told the lady that he was afraid her friend would undergo a change within six weeks. The lady was well aware of the virtue universally allowed to this

man; but she smiled at his remark, and asked him what he meant by it? With apparent reluctance, and many expressions of regret, he declared that the person alluded to would soon be drowned, and that his body would be cast ashore, where it would be found on the beach. The lady sneered at the prophecy, but mentioned it to her husband and all the other members of the family. The gentleman however was unfortunately drowned about a month after, in the act of shipping kelp. The ordinary means were used to find his body, but without success: after a storm of wind it was found on the sand, driven ashore, as had been predicted. The above circumstances have been frequently related in our presence by every member of that respectable family; and a hundred predictions, equally remarkable are told of the same person, whose name is Niel Macinnes.

A few years since, the late Simon Macdonald, of Morrar, a fine young man, who had recently succeeded to that estate, on his way to visit a neighbouring gentleman, passed by a cottage on his own property. A boy standing at the door cried out to his parents, that young Morrar's face was covered with blood; but as others saw no such thing, the boy's words were of course disregarded. The day following, however, that gentleman was killed by the accidental discharge of his fowling-piece, the contents of which lodged in his forehead and face.

A woman in the Island of Tirie was long held in high repute for second-sight; and she was shrewdly suspected of having a very powerful influence over wind and weather, a talent which she sometimes converted to considerable advantage. Two of her sons who were engaged in illicit traffic with Ireland, had not been heard of for several years, and the general opinion was that they had been drowned. The mother asserted that they were alive, and declared that they would yet appear.

One of them had left a wife, and the old sybil, on a certain day, advised her to prepare a dinner for her husband, who, she assured her, would, with his brother, arrive at home in time to partake of it. The poor young woman communicated this very improbable idea to her neighbours, who laughed at it; but on that very day the two brothers made their appearance, safe and sound. They had been taken by a ship of war, with their illegal cargo, and retained on board as impressed men, until they found an opportunity for making their escape.

These may suffice to show that the Highlanders of the present day have not degenerated from their forefathers in this wonderful faculty. Few of our readers are perhaps aware that even Englishmen have sometimes been known to acquire the second-sight, by residence in its native country. In the year 1747, Colonel Horsley, an English officer, was quartered at Stron-

tian, a place distinguished by its lead mines. He lodged at an inn, and having by mistake entered another apartment in the house, he saw a corpse lying stretched in a corner of the room: he walked up to it, and after looking at the face, he retired, somewhat surprised that he had not heard of this death. On enquiry, he found that he must be possessed of a talent of which he was not before aware. The day following, Colonel Horsley observing a boat approaching the shore near this house, and expecting some friends, he went down to receive them, accompanied by other officers, but found the passengers were strangers to him. One of them, however, he declared to be an exact resemblance of the corpse he had seen the day before. That gentleman slept in the room alluded to, and was found dead next morning, having been seized with an apoplexy: this was Mr. Campbell of Achindun.

(Euro. Mag.)

THE FOREST OF ROSENWALD.

CORA.

WHERE can he stay? why lingers yet my love?
I must amerce this wanton truancy,
Devise some penalty,—Oh! easy creditor,
A look, a smile, will cancel the account,
And his first kiss print paid upon my lip.
Unkind Alberto! 'tis a trick he hath,
Coquetting with my fond solicitude,
Conjuring doubts t'amuse him with dispelling 'em,
And make bright joy be born of boding fear.
This is his home and way, I'll on and meet him.

[*Another part of the Forest, ALBERTO wounded.*]
Oh! I am hoarse with shouting to the winds.

ALBERTO.

Is there no friendly hand to close my eyes?
No stranger to receive my parting blessing?
Cold, cold, and faint, my red life stains the sod;
Farewell to all—Oh! Cora—mercy, Heaven.

CORA.

The moon hath lit her silver lamp on high,
And bright-eyed stars are out to look for him;
Yet, yet he comes not. Hark! what sound was that?
What piteous moan?—another—hold, what's here?
Poor weary traveller—Great God, my husband!
Wounded and dying! was this his lingering then?
Speak to me, love—sweet spirit, speak to me;
Here lay thy pallid cheek upon this bosom,
And in these arms thou'lt learn to live again.
What have I done to merit this affliction?
Was Heaven grown jealous of our happiness

That came too near its own, and must be crush'd?
Say, dost thou know me, sweet? Aye, by that pressure.
Soft! he revives.
The evening breeze, that blows so fresh and balmy,
Doth seem to fan the embers of existence.

ALBERTO.

All hope is vain, my Cora, we must part;
Mine hours are few my ———

CORA.

Not so, not so;
I'll batter heaven's blue wall with my petitions,
For thy most quick return to health and vigour.
Oh! could I put a pulse into thy heart,
Transfuse into thy veins
The quick vitality that throbs in mine.
Where doth the perfume of the flower lie hidden?
Where doth life lodge in all this fleshy frame?
So I may pluck it out and plant it elsewhere.

ALBERTO.

Oh! Cora! oh! my wife.

CORA.

He sinks, he dies. Is there no help at hand?
Alone, deserted in this hour of need,
Where, where is he,
The being where nothing is but where he is.
No; I will conjure up some power of darkness.
Aid me, ye fiends! Ho, here, thou evil one!
I'm sworn to mortgage my eternity,
And pawn ten thousand years of my hereafter,
To buy a little present breathing space

For my belov'd Alberto. Soft, he lives—
Gently, ye gales.—Hush, thou untuneful bird,
That idly carol'st in thy leafy home,
Thy dismal song sounds like a requiem.
Up, up to heaven, and tell high Providence
His creatures perish, 'rest of his kind care.
How fares it with thee now, my gracious lord?
Oh! there is some dumb message in his eye.
The eye's Love's telegraph; alas! alas!
I cannot read, the characters are dim.
Oh! it was but the last convulsive throe,
A faint explosion of the elements,
The earth and air that go to make up man.
Now—now—and now 'tis gone! where is it gone,

Where? Which way did it pass? Stay, shadow, stay,
And take me with you!——
Oh! cumb'rous flesh, that weighs me down to earth.
My heart is swell'd; so sore distent with grief,
With this sharp pointed sword I'll pierce this breast,
Using it as a leech doth use his lancet,
To let the noxious humour forth and heal it.
Oh! dead, dead, dead; oh! sweet, unconscious clay,
The precious jewel's taken from the casket.
Death, like a dextrous thief, hath picked it out,
Whilst I sat watching by. What rout comes here?
What torches' glare, and busy footsteps tread?
Too late—past help—past cure—oh, my Alberto!
[Falls on the body.]

ORIGINAL ANECDOTES OF SAILORS.

(Lond. Lit. Gaz.)

ROYAL NAVAL BIOGRAPHY, &c. FROM 1760 TO THE PRESENT PERIOD. BY JOHN MARSHALL, LIEUTENANT, R.N.

A Sailor generally uses his pen in writing as he does his cutlass in boarding—that is, dashes on in a straight-forward course, without making choice of any particular object for dissection, or using many flourishes by the way. There is however this difference,—a sailor seldom wounds by the employment of his pen, though he is never so scrupulously delicate in the operations of his sword. Many persons have regretted the unpolished roughness of our navy, without considering it is to that very circumstance we are mainly indebted for our naval pre-eminence. Ignorance, however, is out of the question, for we are convinced few men have possessed greater capabilities than the generality of our naval officers; but the duties on which they have been incessantly engaged have precluded every possibility of indulging in a connected and continuous chain of thought, so necessary to the attainment of literary perfection. The early education of the “youngster” when he first entered the service of his country, and during his career as a Midshipman, has certainly been well calculated to make him a *sea-philosopher*; but who ever heard of a classical cock-pit? We might just as well expect to find our Boatswains studying Lord Chesterfield, and his Mates calculating algebraic equations. Still, genius cannot be wholly subdued, even amidst the noise and bustle of a

sailor's life—it bursts forth, and perhaps is rendered more valuable by the peculiar and characteristic touches which it displays. Biography is at all times a very delicate undertaking, but more particularly so when the parties are yet in existence, and may have their passions aroused by the unqualified language of truth, or their modesty wounded by unwished for praise. Some of the biographies, indeed, are very brief, merely stating the date of commission and the day of death, &c.; and strongly remind us of a well known old guardship's log—

“The wind is west, or thereabout,
Nothing come in, and nothing gone out.”

But on the whole, we feel pleasure in recommending Mr. Marshall's book to all his brother Tars, and to every one who loves his country. Having said thus much, it only remains for us to give (without selection) a few specimens of the performance.

In a note annexed to the Memoirs of Capt. Fanshawe, we have the following anecdote of the deceased Admiral Pocock:—

“On the death of Vice-Admiral Watson, his friend Pocock succeeded to the command of the squadron in India, and three times defeated a superior force under M. d'Ache. When General Lally was brought prisoner to England, after the reduction of Pondicherry, immediately on his arrival he begged to be introduced to

Admiral (then Sir George) Pocock ; whom he no sooner saw, than he flew to embrace him, and thus addressed him : ‘ Dear Sir George, as the first man in your profession, I cannot but esteem and respect you, though you have been the greatest enemy I ever had. But for you I had triumphed in India instead of being made a captive. When we first sailed out to give you battle, I had provided a number of musicians on board the *Zodiac*, intending to give the ladies a ball upon our victory ; but you left me only three of my fiddlers alive, and treated us all so roughly, that you quite spoiled us for dancing.”

On the 25th of July, 1782, Admiral Graves hoisted his flag in Port Royal, Jamaica, on board the *Ramilies*, of seventy-four guns, having under orders the *Canada* and *Centaur*, with the *Pallas* frigate, and the following French prizes taken by Rodney on the preceding twelfth of April, the *Ville de Paris*, 120 guns, the *Glorieux*, *Hector*, *Ardent*, *Caton*, and *Jason*, of 74 guns each. The fleet sailed from Bluefields for England, but on the 17th of September a violent storm arose off the banks of Newfoundland, which, in a few minutes, reduced the Admiral’s ship to a very shattered condition. At dawn of day the *Ramilies* beheld the *Dutton*, store-ship, go down head foremost. A lieutenant of the navy, who commanded her, leaped from the deck into the sea, and was soon overwhelmed ; but twelve or thirteen of the crew contrived to push off one of the boats, and running with the wind, succeeded in reaching a ship.

Out of the convoy of ninety-four or ninety-five sail, seen the day before, scarcely twenty could now be discerned. Of the ships of war, there were the *Canada*, down upon the lee quarter, her main-top-mast and the mizenmast gone, and otherwise much damaged. The *Centaur* without masts, bowsprit, or rudder ; and the *Glorieux* without fore-mast, bowsprit, or main-top-mast. Of these, the two latter perished with all their crew, except the Captain of the *Centaur*, who, with

a few others, slipped off from her stern into one of the boats, and escaped the fate of the rest. The *Ville de Paris* appeared unhurt, and was commanded by Captain George Wilkinson, an experienced seaman, who had made twenty-four voyages to and from the West Indies, and had therefore been pitched upon to lead the fleet through the gulf. She was, however, never heard of afterwards, and foundered somewhere in the ocean with all on board her, consisting of more than eight hundred crew and passengers, many of them of rank and fortune. Of the convoy, eight more were discovered without mast or bowsprit, eighteen had lost masts, and some had foundered. The *Ramilies* had six feet water in the hold, and the pumps would not free her, the water having worked out the oakum. The admiral therefore gave orders for all the buckets to be re-manned, and every officer to help towards freeing the ship ; this enabled her to sail on, and keep pace with some of the merchantmen ; but in the evening it was found necessary to unship the fore-castle and aftermost quarter-deck guns, together with some of the shot and other articles of great weight ; and the frame of the ship having opened during the night, the admiral was next morning prevailed upon, to allow ten guns more to be thrown overboard. The ship still continuing to open very much, the admiral ordered tarred canvas and hides to be nailed fore and aft, from under the fills of the ports on the main deck, and on the lower deck. The admiral then directed all the guns on the upper deck, the shot, both on that and the lower deck, with various heavy stores, to be thrown overboard.

On the evening of the 20th, the water continued to increase, although the anchors were cut away, and all the lower deck guns thrown overboard ; the people, who had hitherto borne their calamities without a murmur, began to despair, and earnestly expressed a desire to quit the ship, lest they should founder in her. The admiral advanced, and addressing the crew, said, “ My brave fellows, al-

though I and my officers have the same regard for our own lives that you have, yet I assure you we have no intention of deserting either you or the ship, and that we will stand or fall together, as becomes men and Englishmen. As to myself, I am determined to try one night more on board the *Ramilies*; I hope you will all remain with me, for one good day, with a moderate sea and our exertions, may enable us to clear and secure the well from the encroaching ballast; and then hands enough may be spared to raise jury masts, that may carry the ship to Ireland. The sight of the *Ramilies* alone, and the knowledge that she is manned so gallantly, will be sufficient to protect the remaining part of the convoy. But above all, as every thing has now been done for her relief that can be thought of, let us wait the event: and be assured, I will make the signal directly for the trade to lie by during the night."

His speech had the desired effect; the firmness and confidence with which he spoke, and their reliance on his seamanship and judgment, as well as his constant presence and attention to every accident, inspired them with new courage; they returned to their labours with cheerfulness, although they had had no rest from the first fatal stroke. At three the admiral resolved not to lose a moment in removing the people, whenever day-light should appear. At dawn the signal was made for the boats of the merchantmen, and about six o'clock the people were permitted to go off, and between nine and ten, there being nothing further to direct or regulate, the admiral himself, after shaking hands with every officer, and leaving his barge for their better accommodation and transport, quitted the *Ramilies* which had then nine feet water in her hold. By half-past four all the crew had been taken out.

Among the vessels which suffered most in the dreadful storm, was the *Centaur*, of 74 guns, Captain Inglefield. During seven days in which she was the sport of the elements, every exertion was made to save her,

nor did the crew think of quitting her until the evening of the seventh day, when she seemed little more than suspended in the water, and there was no certainty that she would swim from one minute to another. The love of life, which has seldom waited so near an approach of death to exhibit itself, now began to level all distinctions. As it was impossible for any man to deceive himself with the hopes of being saved on a raft in such a sea, several men had forced the pinnace, and more were attempting to get into it, when Captain Inglefield came on deck, about five o'clock in the afternoon. There was not a moment for consideration, and he felt that he must either perish with the ship's company in the vessel, or seize the only opportunity which offered for escaping. The love of life prevailed, and accompanied by eleven persons, Captain Inglefield descended into the boat, which could only be got clear of the ship with much difficulty, as twice the number she could carry were pushing in. The boat was very leaky, and they were all thinly clothed, in the middle of the Western Ocean, without compass, quadrant, or sail. A blanket was discovered in the boat, which was used as a sail. A bag of bread, a small ham, one piece of pork, two quart bottles of water, and a few French cordials, constituted their whole stock of provisions.

On the fifth day after quitting the ship, the condition of those in the boat began to be truly miserable from hunger and cold; their bread was nearly all spoiled by salt water, and it became indispensably necessary that their allowance should be restricted. One biscuit was divided into twelve morsels for breakfast, and the same for dinner; the neck of a bottle broken off, with a cork in it, served for a glass; and this filled with water was the allowance for twenty-four hours to each man. A little rain water that was caught was a seasonable help; but on the fifteenth day only one bottle of water, and one day's allowance of bread remained. Despair and gloom could be resisted

no longer, and the song and joke, which had kept them in good spirits, were now invoked in vain. Their last breakfast was served, and the crew were resigning themselves to that fate which appeared inevitable, when land was descried at twenty leagues distance. They immediately shaped their course for it; the wind freshened, the boat glided through the water at a rapid pace; and by midnight she entered the road of Fayal, where the regulations of the port did not permit them to land until examined by the health officers. Pilots brought them refreshments of bread, wine, and water, and the night was passed in the boat. Next morning the English Consul visited them, and showed them every kindness and humanity; but the crew were many of them so weak as to be unable to walk. One of the persons, a quartermaster, died in the boat, and others were at the point of death.

The following is from the Life of the celebrated Capt. Manby:—

“Le Bourdelois having landed her prisoners at Barbadoes, proceeded to Martinique, and convoyed the trade from thence to Jamaica, where Captain Manby joined his noble friend Lord Hugh Seymour, by whom he was sent to cruise in the *Mona* passage, on which service he continued for several months. During the time he was thus employed, a Spaniard came on board from Porto Rico, and begged protection, as he had just murdered his officer. Captain Manby heard his story with indignation, and immediately put the wretch in irons. He then proceeded to the bay of Aquadilla, and sent his first Lieutenant on shore to the Governor, with the assassin, and a laconic epistle, of which the following is a copy:

“Sir, the British colours disdain to protect a murderer. I send you one, and hope he will meet the fate he merits. I am, &c. T. MANBY.”

“The Governor, much pleased with this act of British generosity, sent back a most complimentary letter, and forwarded a large supply of fruit,

vegetables, and many other articles, for the use of le Bourdelois’ crew. —

Previous to his quitting the blockade of Helvoetsluys, Captain Manby, who had never molested the Dutch fishing vessels, was much mortified on observing several shot fired by order of the French General at Scheveling at the *Africaine’s* jolly boat, in which four boys had been sent to take shrimps from a sand bank near the Maas. By way of retaliation, he that night seized sixty large vessels employed in the fishery, most of which were sent to Yarmouth, and then addressed the following brief letter to the French myrmidon:

“Monsieur le General.—As you have prevented my having shrimps to my Turbot, I will deprive *you* of Turbot to your Shrimps, by taking every fishing vessel you have.

“I am, &c. T. MANBY.

“The Hague was thus deprived of the usual supply of fish for many weeks.”

Of Captain Rotheram, the following is related:

“A heavy shower of musquetry had nearly swept the quarter-deck of the *Royal Sovereign*, when some of his officers requested him not to expose himself so much to the enemy’s small-arm men, by wearing his epauletts and a gold laced hat. ‘*Let me alone,*’ he replied, ‘*I have always fought in a cocked hat, and always will.*’

“Captain Rotheram bore the banner of Nelson as a K. B. at the funeral of that great chieftain; and was himself nominated a C. B. in 1815.”

In the biography of Captain Wolfe is a remarkable instance of the powers of fright.

“In 1790, an explosion accidentally took place on board the *Orion* 74, Captain Chamberlayne, then at anchor in Carlisle Bay, Barbadoes. Mr. Wolfe was at that time confined to his bed by a fever which had already carried off 23 men, and to which the Surgeon, who was an atheist, predicted he would also fall a victim in

less than twenty-four hours. So great was the alarm among the crew, that many of the people jumped through the ports and were drowned. During the confusion, Mr. Wolfe's cot was broken down; and as he lay on the deck, his ears were assailed by the dreadful cries of some who were drowning, and others in distress. Not relishing the idea of being burnt alive, he contrived to pull on his trowsers and crawl to the gun-room ports, where he saw the Surgeon hanging by the rudder chains, kicking and screaming most furiously, and holding out his purse as an inducement for a boat that had been sent to the Orion's assistance, to come and save him from being devoured by the sharks: so much for the carelessness about futurity, of a person who denied the existence of a God, and attributed 'surrounding nature and all its astonishing phænomena to chance, or a fortuitous concourse of atoms.' Strengthened in an extraordinary manner by the fright to which he had been subjected, Mr. Wolfe managed to hand the poor wretch a rope's end, by which he was enabled once more to

obtain a firm footing on the Orion's deck, and observe the recovery of his patient; the preservation of whose life may reasonably be attributed to his dormant pulse being suddenly roused into action by the terror excited in his breast, on hearing the appalling cry of 'fire,' and witnessing the despair of his ship-mates."

At the reduction of Martinique the sailors served on shore transporting the artillery; and during a period of five weeks performed actions that almost exceeded probability. Their laborious exertions were very great.—One day, when the commander-in-chief of the army met Capt. Harvey's detachment of seamen on the road, they being ignorant that a battery was appointed for them to serve in, surrounded the General, offered him their services, swearing they thought it d—d hard to have all work and no fighting; and hoped his Honour would let them have some share in it. Upon the General replying, "Well, my lads, you shall have a battery to yourselves," they saluted him with three cheers, and went readily to work again.

BIOGRAPHY.

(Mon. Mag.)

RHIGAS, THE GREEK PATRIOT.

RHIGAS, the chief mover of the first insurrection which led the way to the revolutionary war of independence, thereby to raise the nation from its present most abject and mortifying state of oppression, was born, about the year 1753, at Velestini, a little town of Thessaly. He became a student in the best colleges of his country, and was early distinguished for a ready apprehension, with vigorous and mighty pretensions to talents, acute observation, and activity.

As neither his fortune, nor his prospects in literature, were extensive, he attached himself to commerce, endeavouring, by every studied, devoted attention, to fill up the chasm which formed a bar to his independence.

While yet young, Rhigas repaired

to Bucharest, and resided there till 1789 and 1790, devoting his time between commercial speculations and his studies.

That town then abounded with men of different nations, whose pursuits, like his own, were copious and interesting, according to the object and arts of which their studies were made. Here Rhigas acquired an intimate acquaintance with the ancient literature of Greece; the Latin, French, German, and Italian, languages, were also familiar to him; he could write with equal fluency, in Greek and French, and he had the intellectual vigour of a poet, and the susceptible disposition of a musician. He loved his country with the most ardent, the most indulgent affection, and a sense of the injuries with which

it was surrounded, inspired his brave and magnanimous heart with the frank and generous resolution of exercising all the powers he possessed towards preparing for its emancipation.

It was Rhigas that first conceived, in a vast area, the bold, active, and enterprising, project, of creating a grand Secret Society, and he was not long in forming it. His mind, constantly moving in the direction of this principle, he gained over bishops, archons, rich merchants, the learned, captains by sea and land, in short, the flower of the Greek nation, with many foreigners of distinction. But how he could spread his witcheries, so as to captivate and enchant many Turks of the highest order, nothing but the unjust restraints imposed upon them by their sovereign, or rather the delirium of mind excited by outrages frequently bursting forth, with all the fury of a convulsive volcano, will account for it.

Among other Turks driven to desperation by such conduct, was Passwan Oglou, whose valour and martial skill were long the subjects of numberless calamities to the Porte, at times filling it with terror and consternation. He entered into this association of Rhigas.

Rhigas, afterwards, proceeded to Vienna, where he met with a number of rich Greek merchants, and some learned emigrants of the same nation. From that capital, he extended his correspondence with his co-associates throughout Greece and Europe.

Nor would he withdraw himself from his alliance with literature, commencing with a Greek journal for the instruction of his countrymen. He translated the "*Travels of Young Anacharsis*;" he composed and published a "*Treatise of Military Tactics*," an "*Elementary Treatise of Physics for General Readers*;" he also translated into modern Greek a French work, entitled, "*L'Ecole des Amans Delicats, the School of Delicate Lovers*." In this translation he has correctly imitated the style of the archons of Constantinople, designated

by the name of Phanariotes. This work had a very extensive circulation. He also published an excellent translation of "*Marmontel's Shepherdess of the Alps*." He had busily employed himself in drawing up national cantatas in the popular style; in these pieces, he had collected all the tender sentiments that attach the hearts of youth to their country, all that could elicit the sparks of zeal, and kindle the sacred flame of hostility to that domineering which composed the character of the Turks. In the sympathetic power of these, he imitated the Marseilles hymn,—"*Alons, Enfants de la Patrie*;" and they have irresistibly drawn, as by a charm, a mutual enthusiasm of passions, forming an indissoluble cement of the patriotic affections. Their first appearance had strong and decided effects on minds of sensibility, and his song of "*Heroes, have not you lived long enough on the mountains?*" is not, nor will easily be, forgotten. In perfect accordance with the public feelings, they are chanted by the youth in advancing to battle; and experience declares, that they have been of the greatest use in steeling the heart against the attacks which their injured, honest, cause, has generated.

Rhigas afterwards drew up a "*Grand Chart of all Greece*," in twelve divisions, wherein he noted, not only the present, but the ancient, names of all places celebrated in the Greek annals. Among other ornaments, it exhibited a great number of antique medals; and, as his songs formed a potent stimulus to martial exertions, so his Chart held out instructions to the European literati; so that, though it is defective and incorrect, his zeal and progress were applauded. The expense was defrayed by his associates.

By the all-conquering force of his genius, this brave man first roused the spirit of his countrymen, infusing the firmness of hearts of oak, preparing them for battle and new triumphs, concerting, also, the means of destruction for the base myriads their impious murdering usurpers should bring against them. The several pas-

sages here quoted prove that his claim to the credit which such discernment, such revolutionary feelings, deserve, was undoubtedly and indisputably just.

The manner of terminating his career was tragical. A false brother, seeking to mend his fortune by the sale of his honour, denounced Rhigas, and eight of his friends, to the government of Austria, as conspirators. The emperor arrested them to be given up to the Ottoman Porte, except three that were naturalized Austrians.

This deplorable event was reported in all the European journals. The *Moniteur* thus notices it, borrowing an article from the *Semlin Rubric*.—(Date 1798.) “We have seen, on their passage through this town, the eight Greeks arrested for seditious writings, and to be delivered to the Porte. They were bound two and two, and guarded by twenty-four soldiers, with two corporals, a superior officer, and a commissary. The soul of the party was Rhigas, a rich merchant, and a native of Thessaly. His ruling passion has been the emancipation of his country. Some time before his arrest, Rhigas, from presentiment, removed from Vienna, but he was taken at Trieste. Five of the eight Greeks are to be forwarded to the Porte, the others are condemned to perpetual exile. Rhigas was powerfully supported by Mawroyeni, nephew to the famous hospodar of that name. The former of these is now living quiet at Paris.”

It appears that these Greeks were afterwards thrown into the Danube, their conductors fearing to be intercepted by Passwan Oglou. This catastrophe, which was every where deplored, took place about the middle of May, 1798. Rhigas was then about five and forty years of age. Soon after, Althimos, Patriarch of Jerusalem, and Dean of the Greek Prelates, was ordered by Selim, the Turkish emperor, to publish a circular paternal address to all the Greeks, strongly recommending fidelity, &c. This circular was completely refuted by another, as being dictated by the Porte. In the preface, the author

says :—“ Though our banners do not wave high in air, yet with religion for our bulwark, and freedom our shield, we are resolved to share in the glory of Rhigas ; his call has awaked and raised us from our sleepy trance, and we will never yield to blasphemers and the slaves of a merciless despot. The dawn of liberty is only retarded by our jealousy of certain European powers.”

The author, afterwards, in the animated spirit of genuine enthusiasm, an overwhelming burst of the imagination, effusions vigorous, natural, and luxuriant, calls attention aside to observe angels descending from Heaven, bearing along with them immortal palms to crown these martyrs of religion and liberty. He then feelingly and pathetically contrasts his circular, which he calls “Fraternal,” with that falsely called “Paternal.” He gives a full and distinct delineation of every interesting circumstance attending their present desolations, sympathizes with his dear country in every expression capable, by any means, of raising a high degree of interest and feeling, and not to let fire or sword cool their *amor patriæ*. He then produces a passage from their most eminent Eschylus, that, for its irresistible impetuosity, and energetic sublimity, has ever been justly admired as transcendant. Any translation must suffer by comparison ; but the following, which indeed is only a literal rendering, may bear some resemblance to it. “Children of Greece, go forth, emancipate your country ; let all ranks and descriptions, acting on the principles of men and citizens, principles which they have so often adopted, recommended, and sanctioned, combat in the cause of their children, wives, the gods of their fathers, and the tombs of their ancestors.”

After his address to the Greeks in general, the author conveys further exhortations to the learned and rich, &c. to read, study, comprehend, and compare, the different statements of the two circulars, alledging that truth and justice may easily be found in the collision of false principles and delusive reasoning, with the sentiments

they have habitually acquired that perpetually meet their eyes and employ their vacant hours. "I call upon you," says he, "who are at the head of the nation, archons, members of the clergy, dignified with the title of 'Most Holy,' as enlightened and vigilant pastors, as the true ministers of God, discharge your duties, more especially in rendering your people capable of thinking for themselves, communicating that knowledge of social duties, which is conducted on proper principles, moral, religious, and political."

He advises the multiplication of Rhigas's original publications, &c. as, from their character, calculated, in

an amazing degree, to do infinite service, urging all to endeavour to comprehend the intelligence they convey, as dislodging prejudices, and giving a right bias to the mind. As likely also to beget those exertions, and that competition, which with salutary caution may keep pace with the wide spread effects of that intemperate criminal authority which has so long been acted on as irrefragable.

The death of Rhigas gave rise to a number of opuscles, or smaller works, in modern Greek. The most remarkable bore the title of "Nomocratio, or Sacred to the Manes of the Immortal Rhigas."

(New Men.)

STANZAS WRITTEN IN DEJECTION, NEAR NAPLES.

BY W. S. SHELLEY.

THE sun is warm, the sky is clear,
The waves are dancing fast and bright,
Blue isles and snowy mountains wear
The purple noon's transparent light
Around its unexpanded buds :
Like many a voice of one delight,
The winds, the birds, the ocean floods,
The City's voice itself is soft, like Solitude's.

I see the Deep's untrampled floor
With green and purple seaweeds strown ;
I see the waves upon the shore,
Like light dissolved in star-showers, thrown :
I sit upon the sands alone,
The lightning of the noon-tide ocean
Is flashing round me, and a tone
Arises from its measured motion,
How sweet ! did any heart now share in my emotion.

Alas ! I have nor hope nor health,
Nor peace within, nor calm around,
Nor that content surpassing wealth
The sage in meditation found,
And walked with inward glory crowned—

Nor fame, nor power, nor love, nor leisure.
Others I see whom these surround—
Smiling they live and call life pleasure ;—
To me that cup has been dealt in another measure.

Yet now despair itself is mild,
Even as the winds and waters are ;
I could lie down like a tired child,
And weep away the life of care
Which I have borne and yet must bear,
Till death like sleep might steal on me,
And I might feel in the warm air
My cheek grow cold, and hear the sea
Breathe o'er my dying brain its last monotony.

Some might lament that I were cold,
As I, when this sweet day is gone,
Which my lost heart, too soon grown old,
Insults with this untimely moan ;
They might lament—for I am one
Whom men love not,—and yet regret,
Unlike this day, which, when the sun
Shall on its stainless glory set,
Will linger, tho' enjoy'd, like joy in memory yet.

SCRIPTURAL ALLUSION EXPLAINED.

In the "Annotations" upon Glanvill's *Lux Orientalis*, the author having occasion to quote from the Psalms—"The sun shall not burn thee by day, neither the moon by night," in order to illustrate that class of cases where an ellipsis is to be suggested by the sense rather than directly indicated, says—"the word *burn* cannot be repeated, but some other more suitable verb is to be supplied."—A gentleman however, who has lately returned from

Upper Egypt, &c. assures me that the moon *does* produce an effect on the skin which may as accurately be expressed by the word 'burn' as any solar effect. By sleeping a few hours under the light of a full moon, which is as much shunned in some parts of the East, as sleeping on the wet ground with us, or standing bareheaded under the noon-day sun in Bengal,—my informant brought a severe complaint upon his eyes.

(Lond. Lit. Gaz.)

THE IMPROVISATRICE, AND OTHER POEMS.

BY L. E. L.

IT will be expected from us that we speak of this volume in terms of the warmest admiration ; because, if we had not thought very highly of the genius of its author, the pages of the *Literary Gazette* would not have been enriched with so many of her compositions. But indeed we are enthusiastic in this respect ; and as far as our poetical taste and critical judgment enable us to form an opinion, we can adduce no instance, ancient or modern, of similar talent and excellence. That the *Improvvisatrice* is the work of a young female, may, at the outset, lessen its importance in the eyes of those who judge by analogy, without fairly examining individual merits ; but it will ultimately enhance the value and augment the celebrity of this delightful production.

If true poetry consist in originality of conception, fineness of imagination, beautiful fitness and glow of expression, genuine feeling, and the outpourings of fresh and natural thoughts in all the force of fresh and natural language, it is pre-eminently conspicuous in the writings of L. E. L. Neither are her subjects nor mode of treating them, borrowed from others ; but simplicity, gracefulness, fancy, and pathos, seem to gush forth in spontaneous and sweet union, whatever may be the theme. And, especially for a youthful author, her poems possess one rare and almost peculiar quality—their style is purely English. In the whole volume before us we do not meet with one ambitious word, one extraneous idiom, or one affected phrase. The effect is correspondingly great ; and never did accustomed English words more distinctly prove their high poetical powers. It seems as if by some magic touch mean and household things were changed into the rarest and most brilliant ornaments ; and in reality it is that the spell of native genius throws a splendour over the common, and imparts a

new degree of energy and beauty to the simple and plain.

Having offered these general remarks, we shall proceed to illustrate them by a view of the principal poem—*The Improvvisatrice*, which would, alone, entitle the fair author to the name of the English Sappho. It is an exquisite story of unfortunate love ; and extremely ingenious in its frame or construction. *The Improvvisatrice* is an impassioned daughter of sunny Italy, gifted with those powers of song which the name implies, and supposed to utter her extemporaneous effusions, as occasions are presented in her chequered life. Her career is represented as alternately bright and clouded ; her perceptions are always vivid, and her feelings intense. All fire, and heart and soul, the chords of her existence vibrate to the slightest impressions, and send forth tones of various and striking melody when swept by the stronger impulses of her excitable and sensitive nature. Endowed with all the characteristic tenderness, fragility, and loveliness of woman, she is the very creature of inspiration ; and her being may be said to be divided between the finest sense of external beauty and the deepest consciousness of moral emotions. “I am,” she abruptly but charmingly exclaims, describing herself at the opening of the poem,—

I am a daughter of that land,
Where the poet's lip and the painter's hand
Are most divine,—where earth and sky
Are picture both and poetry—
I am of Florence. 'Mid the chill
Of hope and feeling, oh ! I still
Am proud to think to where I owe
My birth, though but the dawn of woe !

My childhood passed 'mid radiant things,
Glorious as Hope's imaginings ;
Statues but known from shapes of the earth,
By being too lovely for mortal birth ;
Paintings whose colours of life were caught
From the fairy tints in the rainbow wrought ;
Music whose sighs had a spell like those
That float on the sea at the evening's close ;

Language so silvery, that every word
Was like the lute's awakening chord;
Skies half sunshine, and half starlight;
Flowers whose lives were a breath of delight;
Leaves whose green pomp knew no withering;
Fountains bright as the skies of our Spring;
And songs whose wild and passionate line
Suited a soul of romance like mine.

My power was but a woman's power;
Yet, in that great and glorious dower
Which Genius gives, I had my part:
I poured my full and burning heart
In song, and on the canvass made
My dreams of beauty visible;
I know not which I loved the most—
Pencil or lute,—both loved so well.

This spirited commencement is however but an unfavourable example of the poem. It proceeds to depict the Improvisatrice's sensations on beholding the first produce of her pencil. Her next painting is of the immortal Poetess of Lesbos, to whom, in her genius, we have ventured to compare our own charming contemporary. The portrait is worthy of Raphael:

--- Her head was bending down,
As if in weariness, and near,
But unworn, was a laurel crown.
She was not beautiful, if bloom
And smiles form beauty; for, like death,
Her brow was ghastly; and her lip
Was parched, as fever were its breath.
*There was a shade upon her dark,
Large, floating eyes, as if each spark
Of minstrel ecstasy was fled,
Yet, leaving them no tears to shed;
Fixed in their hopelessness of care,
And reckless in their great despair.*
She sat beneath a cypress tree,
A little fountain ran beside,
And, in the distance, one dark rock
Threw its long shadow o'er the tide;
And to the west, where the nightfall
Was darkening day's gemm'd coronal,
Its white shafts crimsoning in the sky,
Arose the sun-god's sanctuary.
I deemed, that of lyre, life, and love
She was a long, last farewell taking;—
That, from her pale and parched lips,
Her latest, wildest song was breaking.

To this delicious personation (a few words of which we have marked in italics, to point their application to our introductory observations on the author's felicitous choice of epithets and true poetry of expression,) is added the improvised death-song of Sappho; than which we are acquainted with nothing more beautiful in our language:

Farewell, my lute!—and would that I
Had never waked thy burning chords!
Poison has been upon thy sigh,
And fever has breathed in thy words.

Yet wherefore, wherefore should I blame
Thy power, thy spell, my gentlest lute?
I should have been the wretch I am,
Had every chord of thine been mute.

It was my evil star above,
Not my sweet lute, that wrought me wrong;
It was not song that taught me love,
But it was love that taught me song.

If song be past, and hope undone,
And pulse, and head, and heart are flame;
It is thy work, thou faithless one!
But, no!—I will not name thy name!

Sun-god, lute, wreath, are vowed to thee!
Long be their light upon my grave—
My glorious grave—yon deep blue sea:
I shall sleep calm beneath its wave!

Returning to herself, the Improvisatrice says—

As yet I loved not;—but each wild,
High thought I nourished raised a pyre
For love to light; and lighted once
By love, it would be like the fire,
The burning lava floods, that dwell
In Etna's cave unquenchable.

That moment, so fearful for such a heart, comes too soon. But before we go to that epocha, we would fain pause to extract “a Moorish Romance,” which the scene suggests to memory; our limits, however, debar us from the gratification.

Leaving this sweet example of diversified talent, we can only find space for one feature of *his* portrait who has the glory of inspiring the Improvisatrice's bosom with love:

Such a lip!—oh, poured from thence
Lava floods of eloquence
Would come with fiery energy,
Like those words that cannot die.
Words the Grecian warrior spoke
When the Persian's chain he broke;
Or that low and honey tone,
Making woman's heart his own;
Such as should be heard at night,
In the dim and sweet starlight;
Sounds that haunt a beauty's sleep,
Treasures for her heart to keep.
— — —
He spoke not when the others spoke,
His heart was all too full for praise;
But his dark eyes kept fixed on mine,
Which sank beneath their burning gaze.
Mine sank—but yet I felt the thrill
Of that look burning on me still.
I heard no word that others said—

Heard nothing save one low-breathed sigh,
My hand kept wandering on my lute,
In music, but unconsciously:
My pulses throbbed, my heart beat high,
A flush of dizzy ecstasy
Crimsoned my cheek; I felt warm tears
Dimming my sight, yet was it sweet,
My wild heart's most bewildering beat,
Consciousness, without hopes or fears,
Of a new power within me waking,
Like light before the morn's full breaking.

To this succeeds some beautiful description of a Palace Chamber, to which retiring, and wrapt in melancholy musing, "*she sang, but as she sang she wept.*"

THE CHARMED CUP.

And fondly round his neck she clung;
Her long black tresses round him flung,
Love-chains, which would not let him part;
And he could feel her beating heart,
The pulses of her small white hand,
The tears she could no more command,
The lip which trembled, though near his,
The sigh that mingled with her kiss;—
Yet parted he from that embrace.
He cast one glance upon her face:
His very soul felt sick to see
Its look of utter misery;
Yet turned he not: one moment's grief,
One pang, like lightning, fierce and brief,
One thought, half pity, half remorse,
Pass'd o'er him. On he urged his horse;
Hill, ford, and valley spurred he by,
And when his castle gate was nigh,
White foam was on his 'broider'd rein,
And each spur had a blood-red stain.
But soon he entered that fair hall:
His laugh was loudest there of all;
And the cup that wont one name to bless,
Was drained for its forgetfulness.
The ring, once next his heart, was broken;
The gold chain kept another token.
Where is the curl he used to wear—
The raven tress of silken hair?
The winds have scattered it. A braid,
Of the first Spring-day's golden shade
Waves with the dark plume on his crest.
Fresh colours are upon his breast;
The slight blue scarf, of simplest fold,
Is changed for one of woven gold.
And he is by a maiden's side,
Whose gems of price, and robes of pride,
Would suit the daughter of a king;
And diamonds are glistening
Upon her arm. There's not one curl
Unfastened by a loop of pearl.
And he is whispering in her ear
Soft words that ladies love to hear.
Alas!—the tale is quickly told—
His love hath felt the curse of gold!
And he is bartering his heart
For that in which he hath no part.
There's many an ill that clings to love;
But this is one all else above;—

For love to bow before the name
Of this world's treasure: shame! oh, shame!
Love, be thy wings as light as those
That waft the zephyr from the rose,—
This may be pardoned—something rare
In loveliness has been thy snare!
But how, fair Love, canst thou become
A thing of mines—a sordid gnome?
And she whom *Julian* left—she stood
A cold white statue; as the blood
Had, when in vain her last wild prayer,
Flown to her heart and frozen there.
Upon her temple, each dark vein
Swelled in its agony of pain.
Chill, heavy damps were on her brow;
Her arms were stretched at length, though now
Their clasp was on the empty air;
A funeral pall—her long black hair
Fell over her; herself the tomb
Of her own youth, and breath, and bloom.

Alas! that man should ever win
So sweet a shrine to shame and sin
As woman's heart!—and deeper woe
For her fond weakness not to know
That yielding all but breaks the chain
That never reunites again!

It was a dark and tempest night—
No pleasant moon, no blest starlight;
But meteors glancing o'er the way,
Only to dazzle and betray.
And who is she, that 'mid the storm,
Wraps her slight mantle round her form?
Her hair is wet with rain and sleet,
And blood is on her small snow feet.
She has been forced a way to make
Through prickly weed and thorned brake,
Up rousing from its coil the snake;
And stirring from their damp abode
The slimy worm and loathsome toad;
And shuddered as she heard the gale
Shriek like an evil spirit's wail;
When followed like a curse the crash
Of the pines in the lightning flash:—
A place of evil and of fear—
O what can *Julian's* love do here?

On, on the pale girl went. At last
The gloomy forest depths are past,
And she has reached the wizard's den,
Accursed by God and shunned by men.
And never had a ban been laid
Upon a more unwholesome shade.
There grew dank alders, and the yew
Its thick sepulchral shadow threw;
And brooded there each bird most foul,
The gloomy bat and sullen owl.

But *Ida* entered in the cell,
Where dwelt the wizard of the dell.
Her heart lay dead, her life-blood froze
To look upon the shape which rose
To bar her entrance. On that face
Was scarcely left a single trace
Of human likeness: the parched skin
Showed each discoloured bone within;
And but for the most evil stare
Of the wild eyes' unearthly glare,
It was a corpse, you would have said,
From which life's freshness long had fled.

Yet *Ida* knelt her down and prayed
 To that dark sorcerer for his aid.
 He heard her prayer with withering look ;
 Then from unholy herbs he took
 A drug, and said it would recover
 The lost heart of her faithless lover.
 She trembled as she turned to see
 His demon sneer's malignity ;
 And every step was winged with dread,
 To hear the curse howled as she fled.

It is the purple twilight hour,
 And *Julian* is in *Ida*'s bower.
 He has brought gold, as gold could bless
 His work of utter desolateness !
 He has brought gems, as if Despair
 Had any pride in being fair !
 But *Ida* only wept, and wreathed
 Her white arms round his neck ; then breathed
 Those passionate complaints that wring
 A woman's heart, yet never bring
 Redress. She call'd upon each tree
 To witness her lone constancy !
 She call'd upon the silent boughs,
 The temple of her *Julian*'s vows
 Of happiness too dearly bought !
 Then wept again. At length she thought
 Upon the forest sorcerer's gift—
 The last, lone hope that love had left !
 She took the cup, and kiss'd the brim ;
 Mixed the dark spell, and gave it him
 To pledge his once dear *Ida*'s name !
 He drank it. Instantly the flame
 Ran through his veins : one fiery throb
 Of bitter pain—one gasping sob
 Of agony—the cold death sweat
 Is on his face—his teeth are set—
 His bursting eyes are glazed and still :
 The drug has done its work of ill.
 Alas ! for her who watch'd each breath,
 The cup her love had mixed bore—death !

The progress of the songster's own
 love is potently touched :

Spirit of Love ! soon thy rose-plumes wear
 The weight and the sully of canker and care :
 Falsehood is round thee ; Hope leads thee on,
 Till every hue from thy pinion is gone.

The effects of this enchanting pas-
 sion are pourtrayed with equal delicacy,
 vigour, and truth :

I owned not to myself I loved,—
 No word of love *Lorenzo* breathed ;
 But I lived in a magic ring,
 Of every pleasant flower wreathed.
 A brighter blue was on the sky,
 A sweeter breath in music's sigh ;
 The orange shrubs all seemed to bear
 Fruit more rich, and buds more fair.
 There was a glory on the noon,
 A beauty in the crescent moon,
 A lulling stillness in the night,
 A feeling in the pale starlight.
 There was a charmed note on the wind,
 A spell in Poetry's deep store—

Heart-uttered words, passionate thoughts,
 Which I had never marked before.
 'Twas as my heart's full happiness
 Poured over all its own excess.

And here a playful change is intro-
 duced in the character of a "*Hindoo*
Girl's Song ;" followed by an eastern
 legend. We quote both :

Playful and wild as the fire-flies' light,
 This moment hidden, the next moment bright,
 Like the foam on the dark-green sea,
 Is the spell that is laid on my lover by me.
 Were your sigh as sweet as the *sumbal*'s sigh,
 When the wind of the evening is nigh ;
 Were your smile like that glorious light,
 Seen when the stars gem the deep midnight ;
 Were that sigh and that smile for ever the same—
 They were shadows, not fuel, to love's dull'd flame.

Love once formed an amulet,
 With pearls, and a rainbow, and rose-leaves set.
 The pearls were pure as pearls could be,
 And white as maiden purity ;
 The rose had the beauty and breath of soul,
 And the rainbow-changes crowned the whole.
 Frown on your lover one little while,
 Dearer will be the light of your smile ;
 Let your blush, laugh, and sigh ever mingle together,
 Like the bloom, sun, and clouds of the sweet spring
 weather.
 Love never must sleep in security,
 Or most calm and cold will his waking be.

And as that light strain died away,
 Again I swept the breathing strings :
 But now the notes I waked were sad,
 As those the pining wood-dove sings.

THE INDIAN BRIDE.

SHE has lighted her lamp, and crowned it with
 flowers,
 The sweetest that breathed of the summer hours ;
 Red and white roses linked in a band,
 Like a maiden's blush or a maiden's hand ;
 Jasmines,—some like silver spray,
 Some like gold in the morning ray ;
 Fragrant stars,—and favourites they,
 When Indian girls on a festival-day,
 Braid their dark tresses : and over all weaves
 The rosy bower of lotus leaves—
 Canopy suiting the lamp-lighted bark,
 Love's own flowers and Love's own ark.

She watch'd the sky, the sunset grew dim ;
 She raised to *Camdeo* her evening hymn.
 The scent of the night-flowers came on the air ;
 And then, like a bird escap'd from the snare,
 She flew to the river—(no moon was bright,
 But the stars and the fire-flies gave her their light ;)
 She stood beneath the mangoes' shade,
 Half delighted and half afraid ;
 She trimmed the lamp, and breathed on each bloom,
 (Oh, that breath was sweeter than all their perfume !)
 Threw spices and oil on the spire of flame,
 Called thrice on her absent lover's name ;
 And every pulse throbbed as she gave
 Her little boat to the Ganges' wave.

There are a thousand fanciful things
Linked round the young heart's imaginings.
In its first love-dream, a leaf or a flower
Is gifted then with a spell and a power :
A shade is an omen, a dream is a sign,
From which the maiden can well divine
Passion's whole history. Those only can tell
Who have loved as young hearts can love so well,
How the pulses will beat, and the cheek will be dyed,
When they have some love augury tried.
Oh, it is not for those whose feelings are cold,
Withered by care, or blunted by gold ;
Whose brows have darkened with many years,
To feel again youth's hopes and fears—
What they now might blush to confess,
Yet what made their spring-day's happiness !

Zaide watched her flower-built vessel glide,
Mirror'd beneath on the deep-blue tide ;
Lovely and lonely, scented and bright,
Like Hope's own bark, all bloom and light.
There's not one breath of wind on the air,
The Heavens are cloudless, the waters are fair,
No dew is falling, yet woe to that shade !
The maiden is weeping—her lamp has decayed.

Hark to the ring of the cymetar !
It tells that the soldier returns from afar.
Down from the mountains the warriors come :
Hark to the thunder roll of the drum !—
To the startling voice of the trumpet's call !—
To the cymbal's clash !—to the atabal !
The banners of crimson float in the sun,
The warfare is ended, the battle is won.
The mother hath taken the child from her breast,
And raised it to look on its father's crest.
The pathway is lined, as the bands pass along,
With maidens, who meet them with flowers and song.
And *Zaide* hath forgotten in *Azim's* arms
All her so false lamp's falser alarms.

This looks not a bridal,—the singers are mute,
Still is the mandore, and breathless the lute ;
Yet there the bride sits. Her dark hair is bound,
And the robe of her marriage floats white on the ground.
Oh ! where is the lover, the bridegroom ?—oh !
where ?
Look under your black pall—the bridegroom is there !
Yet the guests are all bidden, the feast is the same,
And the bride plights her troth amid smoke and 'mid flame !
They have raised the death-pyre of sweet scented wood,
And sprinkled it o'er with the sacred flood
Of the Ganges. The priests are assembled :—their song
Sinks deep on the ear as they bear her along,
That bride of the dead. Ay, is not this love ?
That one pure wild feeling all others above :
Vowed to the living, and kept to the tomb !—
The same in its blight as it was in its bloom.
With no tear in her eye, and no change in her smile
Young *Zaide* had come nigh to the funeral pile.
The bells of the dancing-girls ceased from their sound ;
Silent they stood by that holiest mound.
From a crowd like the sea-waves there came not a breath,
When the maiden stood by the place of death !
One moment was given—the last she might spare !
To the mother, who stood in her weeping there.
She took the jewels that shone on her hand :
She took from her dark hair its flowery band,

And scatter'd them round. At once they raise
The hymn of rejoicing and love in her praise.
A prayer is muttered, a blessing said,—
Her torch is raised !—she is by the dead.
She has fired the pile ! At once there came
A mingled rush of smoke and of flame :
The wind swept it off. They saw the bride,—
Laid by her *Azim*, side by side.
The breeze had spread the long curls of her hair :
Like a banner of fire they played on the air.
The smoke and the flame gather'd round as before,
Then cleared ;—but the bride was seen no more !

But the heroine's own melancholy
fate approaches ; the victim of an un-
requited affection—

Lorenzo like a dream had flown !
We did not meet again :—he seemed
To shun each spot where I might be ;
And, it was said, another claimed
The heart—more than the world to me !

And the burning vehemency of what
follows, contrasted with the sombre
shading into which the feeling sinks,
till it rises again into warmth and ar-
dour, appears to us to be the very es-
sence of poetry.

I loved him as young Genius loves,
When its own wild and radiant heaven
Of starry thought burns with the light,
The love, the life, by passion given.
I loved him, too, as woman loves—
Reckless of sorrow, sin, or scorn :
Life had no evil destiny
That, with him I could not have borne !
I had been nurst in palaces ;
Yet earth had not a spot so drear,
That I should not have thought a home
In Paradise, had he been near !
How sweet it would have been to dwell,
Apart from all, in some green dell
Of sunny beauty, leaves and flowers ;
And nestling birds to sing the hours !
Our home, beneath some chesnut's shade,
But of the woven branches made :
Our vesper hymn, the low lone wail
The rose hears from the nightingale ;
And waked at morning by the call
Of music from a waterfall.
But not alone in dreams like this,
Breathed in the very hope of bliss,
I loved : my love had been the same
In hushed despair, in open shame.
I would have rather been a slave,
In tears, in bondage, by his side,
Than shared in all, if wanting him,
This world had power to give beside !
My heart was withered,—and my heart
Had ever been the world to me ;
And love had been the first fond dream,
Whose life was in reality.
I had sprung from my solitude
Like a young bird upon the wing
To meet the arrow ; so I met

My poisoned shaft of suffering.
 And as that bird, with drooping crest
 And broken wing, will seek his nest,
 But seek in vain; so vain I sought
 My pleasant home of song and thought,
 There was one spell upon my brain,
 Upon my pencil, on my strain;
 But one face to my colours came;
 My chords replied but to one name—
Lorenzo!—all seem'd vow'd to thee,
 To passion, and to misery!

Another delightful interlude (though
 miscalled a Song) is here brought in,
 but we can only quote the first elo-
 quent stanza:

Farewell!—we shall not meet again!
 As we are parting now,
 I must my beating heart restrain—
 Must veil my burning brow!
 Oh, I must coldly learn to hide
 One thought, all else above—
 Must call upon my woman's pride
 To hide my woman's love!
 Check dreams I never may avow;
 Be free, be careless, cold as thou!

The song is succeeded by a charm-
 ing Episode of *Leades and Cydippe*,
 whose romantic tale is told with all
 the author's artless effect. Their un-
 happy catastrophe leads with conge-
 nial transition to that of the *Improvis-*
atrice; she witnesses the marriage of
Lorenzo to another; and his history,
 which compelled him to that sacrifice,
 is related. He confesses his love for
 her, and after some pathetic expres-
 sions of sorrow (a few words of which
 we throw into a note*,) the poem
 breaks off, and thus concludes:—

There is a lone and stately hall,—
 Its master dwells apart from all.
 A wanderer through *Italia's* land,
 One night a refuge there I found.
 The lightning's flash rolled o'er the sky,
 The torrent rain was sweeping round;—
 These won me entrance. He was young,
 The castle's lord, but pale like age;
 His brow, as sculpture beautiful,

* That sun has kissed the morning dews,—
 I shall not see its twilight close!
 That rose is fading in the noon,
 And I shall not outlive that rose! . . .
 Thou wilt remember me,—my name
 Is linked with beauty and with fame.
 The summer airs, the summer sky,
 The soothing spell of Music's sigh,—
 Stars in their poetry of night,
 The silver silence of moonlight,—
 The dim blush of the twilight hours,
 The fragrance of the bee-kissed flowers;—
 But, more than all, sweet songs will be
 Thrice sacred unto Love and me.
Lorenzo! be this kiss a spell!
 My first!—my last! Farewell!—Farewell!

Was wan as Grief's corroded page.
 He had no words, he had no smiles,
 No hopes:—his sole employ to brood
 Silently over his sick heart
 In sorrow and in solitude.
 I saw the hall where, day by day,
 He mused his weary life away;—
 It scarcely seem'd a place for woe,
 But rather like a genie's home.
 Around were graceful statues ranged,
 And pictures shone around the dome,
 But there was one—a loveliest one:—
 One picture brightest of all there!
 Oh! never did the painter's dream
 Shape thing so gloriously fair!
 It was a face!—the summer day
 Is not more radiant in its light!
 Dark flashing eyes, like the deep stars
 Lighting the azure brow of night;
 A blush like sunrise o'er the rose;
 A cloud of raven hair, whose shade
 Was sweet as evening's, and whose curls
 Clustered beneath a laurel braid.
 She leant upon a harp:—one hand
 Wandered, like snow, amid the chords;
 The lips were opening with such life,
 You almost heard the silvery words.
 She looked a form of light and life,—
 All soul, all passion, and all fire;
 A priestess of *Apollo's*, when
 The morning beam falls on her lyre;
 A *Sappho*, or ere love had turned
 The heart to stone where once it burned.
 But by the picture's side was placed
 A funeral urn, on which was traced
 The heart's recorded wretchedness;—
 And on a tablet hung above,
 Was 'graved one tribute of sad words—
 '*Lorenzo to his Minstrel Love.*'

It has lately been repeated by sev-
 eral of our critical guides, that our
 epoch of poetry has closed. They
 have taken up a fanciful theory; and
 because the minstrel harp of the *Border*
 has been hushed, and the light of
Childe Harold's flame extinguished,
 they rashly venture to decree, that a
 number of silent years must elapse
 before the birth of another era of song.
 We will not pay them so ill a com-
 pliment as to believe that they will
 maintain this opinion after they have
 read the *Improvisatrice*. We doubt
 not the ability to discover some of the
 faults of youthful composition in her
 strains; but we would most sincerely
 pity the person who could notice
 them amid the transcendent beauties
 of thought, expression, imagery, and
 fervent genius, with the blaze of
 which they are surrounded and illumi-

nated. For ourselves, discarding every idea of such prescribed Augustan ages, we do not hesitate to say, that in our judgment this volume forms itself an era in our country's bright cycle of female poetical fame. What may spring from the continued cultivation of such promise, it is not easy to predicate ; but if the author

never excels what she has already done, we can confidently give her the assurance of what the possessor of such talents must most earnestly covet—*Immortality*.

[Besides the chief poem upon which we have dwelt with so much pleasure, there is a sequel of about double the extent of miscellaneous pieces, of which we have only at present room to say, that they are devoted to subjects entirely differing in sentiment and subject from each other, and altogether worthy of L. E. L.]

VARIETIES.

WHOLESOME DOCTRINE.

The celebrated Dr. Darwin was so impressed with a conviction of the necessity of good air, that being very popular in the town of Derby, once on a market-day, he mounted a tub, and thus addressed the listening crowd :—“Ye men of Derby, fellow-citizens, attend to me !—I know you to be ingenious and industrious mechanics. By your exertions you procure for yourselves and families the necessities of life : but if you lose your health, that power of being of use to them must cease. This truth all of you know ; but I fear some of you do not understand how health is to be maintained in vigour—this then depends upon your breathing an uncontaminated air ; for the purity of the air becomes destroyed where many are collected together : the effluvia from the body also corrupts it. Keep open then the windows of your crowded workshops, and as soon as you rise, open all the windows of your bed-rooms. Never sleep in a room without a chimney in it, nor block that up. Inattention to this advice, be assured, will bring diseases on yourselves, and engender among you typhus fever, which is only another name for putrid fever, which will carry off your wives and children. Let me again repeat my serious advice,—*open your windows to let in the fresh air, at least once in the day*.—Remember what I say : I speak now without a fee, and can have no other interest than your good, in this my advice.”

MRS. BUNN THE TRAGEDIAN.

The less Mrs. Bunn has to do, the better she does it. She *acts* the *passive* to perfection. There are few tragedies therefore in which she can find a leading character to represent ;

for authors are in the habit of burthening their heroines with some motives and cues for passion, and do not commonly seek to make statues of them. In the present day, to be sure, Mrs. Bunn is more likely to be suited than if she turns to the Otways, the Rowes or to the old times before them. *Poetry* and not *action* characterizes the tragic drama of the present age—and description takes the place of actual incident. Imogene, in *Bertram*, was a lady of strict contemplative habits : she talked only of the moon and riven hearts—and ruined towers—and stood through five sombre acts the statue of sorrow and romance. Here Mrs. Bunn was at home ! Her fine form was never disturbed : her melancholy tones were never broken : her looks were ever the same. She scarcely walked in her sleep. The audience was *lulled* into admiration of her ; and her fine monotony made her fame. In *Fazio*, she has the same opportunity of looking and repeating a long heroic poem ; and the people in the pit catch and enjoy their three-and-sixpenny dreams with the most still and charmed delight. They sit lulled by the lady's *Æolian* tones, by the silence of her features, and by the studied music of the poetry, and are not awakened from their trance until the curtain falls, when they seem to bustle and rub their eyelids, and gape for the Cataract and the cattle. Mrs. Bunn has a fine person—a deep monotonous but effective voice—and features commanding, though not beautiful : we shall be very much surprised, however, if she should ever be able to do more than act *poetry* on the stage. But we, like true judges, must bear a wary eye.

OYSTERS.

The *green colour* that oysters, when laid up in artificial reservoirs, acquire at certain seasons of the year, and a particular taste which they impart in that state, render them an object of preference to epicures. The cause of this alteration or amelioration, has long been a matter of enquiry with naturalists, and different hypotheses have been framed on the subject. M. B. Gaillon, of Dieppe, from a continual series of microscopical observations, has ascertained that this viridity emanates from certain infusory animalcules, of the genus *Vibrion*, which breed by myriads, at particular times of the year, in the water of the reservoirs; and which the oysters feed on, with the water they imbibe.

DR. ARNE.

I well remember this rare English composer of music. Shall I give you his portrait, body and mind? He was rather tall and thin, with an aqueline nose, a long and rather underhung mouth, which gave a certain gravity, though not unpleasant, to his utterance; and his manner inspired confidence and ease to those who knew him, or were favoured with an introduction to this great man.

He had originally received an Etonian education, which ever supported him in all his pursuits, both musical and literary; for he often was his own poet, and I am informed put a helping hand to the poetry in his own opera of *Artaxerxes*, so as to show off his singers to advantage on all the vowels; which on a critical examination will be found little inferior to the Italian Opera poetry; for example,

'WA-ter PAR—ted FRO—m the sea,' &c.

But I have not yet finished his portrait:—with long thin legs and arms, he was dignified both in manner and walk; often to be seen in the streets with a large cocked-up gold laced hat, then *a-la-mode*. His dress of ceremony, in general, was a suit of crimson or black velvet, bag and sword, with white silk stockings, gold or stone shoe and knee buckles. With all this there was a certain *je ne sçai quoi* of gait and figure that bespoke the man *au premier coup d'œil*. No person could possibly

mistake him, either at a masquerade, or in the midst of his own orchestras. Full of gaiety and wit, but withal gentlemanlike, polite, and even ceremonious to his noble patrons; never forgetting himself; kind, and full of urbanity to the whole profession, who adored his abilities; a true amateur of the fair sex, to the end of a very long life.

DIED,

In King-street, Holborn, of a rapid decline, Mr *James George Barlace* in the 21st year of his age, a young man of singular self-acquired attainments and exemplary virtue. In 1817 he suffered the amputation of his right arm, which operation he bore with a fortitude seldom equalled. In a short time after he received the Minerva medal from the Society of Arts, for a drawing of a portrait, executed with his left hand, on which occasion His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, in presenting him with the medal, evinced the most sympathetic feeling. In 1817 he presented to the Society of Arts a drawing of his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, executed also with his left hand. At the age of sixteen he finished a work in 4to. entitled, "The Progress of Knowledge in England, from the Conversion of the Anglo-Saxons to the End of the Reign of Queen Elizabeth," which was published in December, 1819.—He has left a work in MS. on the Writings of the Poet Gray, whom he enthusiastically admired, with several detached pieces, and a few specimens of his talent in painting.

NEW WORKS.

The Improvisatrice, and other Poems, f. cap. 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Hogg's Tour on the Continent, 8vo. 8s.—Wright's Life of Richard Wilson, Esq. R. A. 4to. 1l. 7s.—White's Voyage to Cochin China, 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Buchanan's Sketches of the North American Indians, 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Milford's Principle of Design in Architecture. 8vo. 7s.—Stanhope's Illustration of the Topography of the Plain of Olympia, imp. folio, 4l. 4s.—Beauties of Dulwich Gallery, 12mo. 3s.—Slaney's Essay on the beneficial Direction of Rural Expenditure, 12mo. 6s. 6d.—Thornton's Greenhouse Companion, 8vo. 14s.—Phillips' Flora Historica, 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 4s.—Bland's Elements of Hydrostatics, 8vo. 12s.—Fearn's Anti-Tooke, or Analysis of Language, 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Edwards's Translation of the Antigone of Sophocles, 8vo. 8s.—Surenne's French Rhetorical Grammar, 8vo. 12s.—David's Grammatical Parallels of Ancient and Modern Greek Languages, 12mo. 8s.—Gyles's Arcanum Punctuationis Patefactum, 8vo. 3s.—Robertson's Clavis Pentateuchi, 8vo.—The Clerical Portrait, a Study for the young Divine, 8vo. 7s.—Friendly Conversations between a Pastor and his Flock, 12mo. 5s.—Robinson's Observation on Wesleyan Methodism, 8vo. 2s. 6d.—The Private Memoirs and Confessions of a Self-justified Sinner, 18mo.

